

Special Feature This Issue
"Starvation"
at Mahone Bay" - "Gary"

messing about in BOATS



November 15, 2001

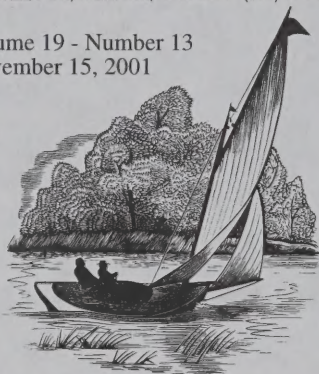


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Looking Ahead...

John E. Conway gets to tell us about his "Encounter in Tarpaulin Cove"; *Pacific Yachting* magazine and author Fred Bailey contribute Fred's rowing adventure in Pacific northwest waters in "Rowabout"; *The Shallow Water Sailor* and author Sandy Lommen contribute "Peter Sails Again!"; David Gulley investigates "The Mystery of the Boilers"; Robb White looks into why "It Sank"; John Potts commences a chronicle of a solo sailing adventure in "Circumnavigation 2001"; and Harold Taylor continues his "Waterlogged" series.

Gerard Van Wyk tells us about "Adapting a Canoe or Kayak to a Sailing Trimaran"; Terry Lesh details "Building the Rocking Dory"; Gary Shores has Part 2 of "Gary, Ann & Grendel" for us; and Tom brings us his tale of "A Barn or a Boat".

Naval architect Phil Thiel gives us an illustrated peek at his 1956 "Lotus Leaf...Weekend Shelter Afloat"; Jim Betts lets us in on some of the details in a "Designer's Life"; Dennis Davis has Part 10 of his "Back to the Drawing Board" design series; and Phil Bolger & Friends introduce their "Insolent 60".

On the Cover...

Summer's gone, but lest we forget too soon, Barry Donahue's photo of a golden summer day on Cape Cod's Pleasant Bay graces our cover this issue.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Jack Hornung's tale in the August 1 issue of his travails with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers, who refused to lock him through their locks on the Snake River in his Adirondack guideboat because he did not have a motor, struck home, it seems, within the Corps where recreational use policies are drafted, for in a Public Notice dated September 24, 2001, the Corps announces the following policy revision on the subject of small boat passage on the Columbia and Snake Rivers:

Corps of Engineers Safe Lockage Policy For Recreational Craft

On the Columbia and Snake Rivers

"Safe lockage is of foremost concern to the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers. The following guidelines are in place for the continued safe lockage of recreational craft at McNary, John Day, The Dalles, and Bonneville on the Columbia River; and Ice Harbor, Lower Monumental, Little Goose and Lower Granite on the Snake River.

Lockage shall be provided to "seaworthy" craft and not to swimmers, inner-tubers, wind-surfers, etc. Seaworthy craft must meet all United States Coast Guard requirements, and in particular, requirements for Personal Flotation Devices, and fire extinguishers. Vessels must carry mooring lines for lockage.

On the Columbia River, motor power is critical to a safe and expeditious lockage. Non-motorized recreational craft (e.g. row boats, canoes, and kayaks) may lock through if moored to an assist vessel that is normally qualified for lockage, all passengers are on board the assist vessel, and such configuration would not adversely impact the stability or maneuverability of the assist vessel. The lockage acceptable configuration must occur prior to entering the approach channel and must remain that way upon departure until reaching a safe area beyond the approach channel. The Government does not provide assist vessels.

On the Snake River, non-motorized recreational craft may be locked through when no spill is occurring through the spillway and the lock operator determines that weather and water conditions allow safe passage; otherwise, Columbia River guidance for non-motorized craft above applies.

Personal watercraft of the "sit-down" variety, (those you sit on and ride), will be accepted for lockage. The "stand-up" variety, (those that require the vessel to be moving for the operator to be out of the water), may lock through under the Columbia River guidance for non-motorized recreational craft above. The lockmaster has final authority on the suitability of a craft for lockage.

All vessel owner/operators lock through at their own risk.

Refer to the seasonal Recreational Lockage Schedule published separately for recreational vessel lockage times.

The most hazardous aspect of using navigation locks is in the approach and departure. Tugs with barges have large blind spots that inhibit their ability to see small vessels and they have very limited maneuverability around the lock approaches. Water around lock approaches is often turbulent due to high winds and strong currents. Therefore, portage of non-motorized recreational craft and other vessels unsuitable for lockage is the preferred method of transport around the dams.

For additional information contact Brian Schmidtke, (503) 808-4333, or Frank Hupp, (503) 808-4332 for John Day, The Dalles, and Bonneville; or Ann Glassley, (509) 527-7115, or Phil Benge (509) 527-7133 for McNary, Ice Harbor, Lower Monumental, Little Goose, and Lower Granite."

While the astute reader of bureaucratic phraseology can detect within this plenty of latitude for lockmasters to control who they permit to lock through, it does seem to be a relaxation of the totally arbitrary policy prohibiting non-motorized lockage on the Snake. The real safety issues affecting small craft (downstream water conditions from dam spillage, large commercial vessels) are clearly stated.

In addition to this opening of a small window of opportunity, a new recreational plan for a water trail based upon the historic Lewis & Clark route is in the works, recreational planner Phil Benge explains this:

"I am currently working with a volunteer and local partners to establish and designate a water trail from Canoe Camp (the location in central Idaho where Lewis and Clark built their dugout canoes) on the Clearwater River to just below Bonneville Dam on the Columbia River. From below Bonneville to the Pacific Ocean another group is working to establish the Lower Columbia River Water Trail. This will provide a continuous water trail of around 500 miles. This is an effort which has me really excited both as a recreation professional and as a paddler.

Because the Corps manages that portion of the proposed trail from Bonneville Dam to the upper end of Lower Granite Lake near Lewiston, Idaho it is going to be a relatively simple administrative move to make the designation for that section. If the Lower Columbia group completes their proposed trail it will only leave the 40 miles of the Clearwater River from Lewiston to Canoe Camp to work out the water trail designation that completes the entire trail.

I hope the new lockage policy, coupled with the proposed water trail, will make it easier for folks to get out on the rivers to see some of the country the Lewis and Clark party passed through. There is some pretty spectacular scenery on the Clearwater, Snake and Columbia rivers and paddlers will have a great chance to see it up close.

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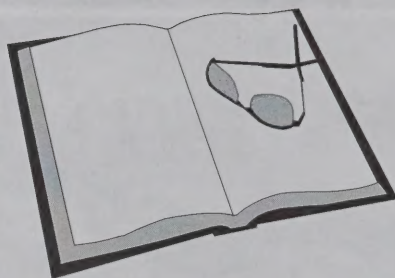
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Out on the highway there is a boat junkyard of major proportion. One finds an acre of aging, blistering, and fading fiberglass in all sizes. A tired ocean racer bereft of keel, mast, and running gear lies cocked to one side, yet the earth seems reluctant to swallow her. The runabouts share a blocky phenotype; there is little to distinguish the *art trashique* outboard style of the 1950s from more recent offerings except for the lack of fins.

These unattractive derelicts underscore the essential beauty of yachts designed in a bygone era. Ann and Maynard Bray have compiled over 150 design summaries from the archives of *The Rudder* magazine printed between 1897 and 1942. This ancestor of monthly boating magazines survived until

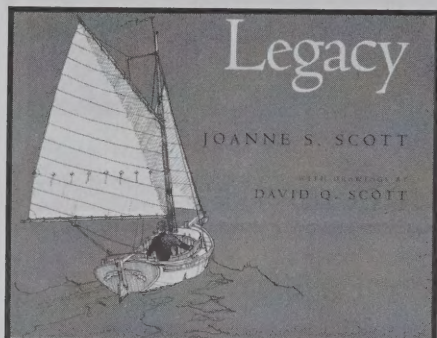


Book Review

Designs To Inspire From *The Rudder* 1897-1942

Ann and Maynard Bray
WoodenBoat Publications,
Brooklin, ME, 2000
Softbound \$24.95

Reviewed by John Hawkinson



By Joanne S. Scott

With Drawings by David Q. Scott

In these days of fiberglass, one could perhaps understand how a sailor could succumb to owning a wooden boat, but four, five, over ten? Here is woven a tale through narrative poetry of the foibles and romance of a sail-smitten family and the steady accumulation of one fine character boat after another.

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about 1983. Each issue had the obligatory first dozen pages of ads and a few lead articles, but then one was treated to four to six pages of boat plans. All major designers and builders displayed their latest entries to a wide audience. I always jumped straight into the design section when a new *Rudder* arrived, and all that now remains is a sheaf of plans in a file drawer.

Anne and Maynard Bray have studied and written extensively about Mystic Seaport's Ships Plans collection. Maynard Bray has been on the staff of *WoodenBoat* magazine as Technical Editor for over 20 years and currently is a Contributing Editor. They have together published another well-annotated book in this series entitled *Boat Plans at Mystic Seaport*.

Each set of lines in the current book can send one off into daydreams given a little imagination. "Wouldn't it be neat to sail on that one..." The book leads off with six classic designs which tell us much about cat boats 21' to 33' in length and built in the years between 1891 and 1932. The Brays point out the individual features of each design, such as comfort and visibility in the cockpit, windward sailing ability, cabin comforts and discomforts, speed under sail, and why each individual design developed the way it did.

Many racing sailboats are represented here including the top three yawls in the 1938 Bermuda Race, *Avanti*, *Edlu*, and *Escapade*. This was the era of favorable rating for the yawl, and *Designs to Inspire* shows the works

Rhodes, Stephens, and Alden as well as that of their predecessors such as Crowninshield, Mower, and Hand to name a few. There are a number of one-design class sloops by top designers built for members of a given yacht club. One can now witness restoration activity and energetic competition in many fleets of these gorgeous elderly club one-design classes, for example, at Winter Harbor, Maine. Cruising sailboats appear as often as the racers, and it is interesting to follow the change in length, sail plan, and accommodations over the years. One can spend hours comparing the cabin arrangement plan of a motor-sailer or ketch to figure out how you would like to configure your own boat.

Not all of the drawings are complete and we are sometimes left missing an important detail such as how to get into or out of the main saloon of the 1901 double-ended cruising launch designed by Charles Mower. There is a long streetcar like row of rectangular windows on each side, but the only companionway is aft, through what is labeled the "ladies cabin." One must assume that these are not working drawings in all cases, but they reveal the essentials of each design. Likewise, it would be unusual to publish a complete set of lines of a highly competitive racing boat.

Three specific commercial designs stand out favorably when compared with their glamorous cousins; these would not likely be published today in a slick yachting monthly, but *The Rudder* included them anyway.

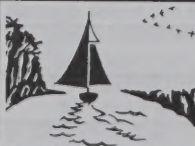
A strong and sensible workboat, the *Manatee*, was designed by J.C. Kimmeth and published as a how-to-build plan in 1921. This 37' single screw vessel could be configured for small cargo or just about anything the owner wanted to work up, even a houseboat. The lines and construction plans show a clean, if plain, hull whose single diagonal as well as the buttocks and waterlines are fair to the eye.

In the authors' words, "When the word tugboat is mentioned, this profile is what invariably comes to mind," describes a 64' tug designed in 1924 for Craig's of Norfolk, Virginia. Complete line drawings reveal the last-in, classic shape.

A fishing boat dated 1908 by William Hand, Jr., is an elegant 22-footer with a raised deck forward and a wet well to keep the lobsters fresh for market. Each of these, as well as a dozen other commercial craft, share beauty of design with the racers and cruisers. To me, there is one common denominator, these are boats that I would want to spend some time aboard.

This was the era of launches and commuter boats, as well as schooners and gaff-rigged sails. There is one paddle wheeler 42' long and a steam-powered cat yawl with a huge stack that looks like the locomotive, *Tom Thumb*, ran into the stern. Many of the boats such as *Roaring Bessie*, a Crocker 30' cutter, had colorful owners whose hospitality was not lost on the authors. Clear, appropriate, detailed design commentary accompanies each set of drawings. In addition, where known, the present-day location and activity is given.

The dictionary defines art as human creative skill or its application. The designer of boats often faces tests of required use or limited budget, but within these parameters it is reasonable to expect a degree of artful creation. *Designs to Inspire* presents a strong argument for us to consider the design of boats as an art form.



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with Dee Carstarphen

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Information of Interest...

Eureka! A Design Contest!

While slopping around on windless, motorboat infested Lake Powell, I was trying to keep my mind gainfully employed with boating projects rather than slipping into delusions of being the first sailboat based serial killer.

Eureka! A Design Contest. We are going (it's already started) to pull the NINA out to 18'. To roundup a lot of good ideas, and incidentally, garner a little publicity, a design contest seemed like a brilliant idea.

The hull is a given. The object is to design a rig and interior arrangement for use as a beach cruiser. Clever storage and cockpit comfort are important. Practical rig innovations are desired. Little details are important. Things that can serve multiple purposes are wanted. It should be possible to cook and sleep aboard if desired. We tend to think open boat here in the west, but a cuddy or good tent would be required for much of the country.

Little thought has been given to the weighting of various features but safety would be number one. Positive flotation and easy reefing are a given. Low cost and ease of homebuilding are important. We will come up with judging criteria in the near future.

The Prize: A free NOVIA hull. We hope the winner will build her out and show up for the '03 Kokopelli. Second and third place will get substantial discounts on a hull. We are talking serious money here as we expect the hull to retail for \$1800.

Judges will be Kokopelli captains and any other high profile people we can bring on board.

To keep the thing under control we are charging a \$5 entrance fee. For this tidy sum you get a lines drawing and copy of all the rules we can think up. We will also include ideas about beach cruising, hints, judging criteria, and anything else we can think of that might be useful. We also contemplate a NOVIA class association which will be your entree into a world of fun, adventure and camaraderie. More hype in this vein will doubtless be forthcoming.

Mail your five bucks (cash, check or money order) without delay to Grand Mesa Boatworks LLC, 15654 57-1/2 Road, Collbran, CO 81624.

Jim Thayer.

Opinions...

When We Say "Nay"

When you say "Nay", your readers say "Yea" about a suggestion for articles on a subject; at least that's how it seems to me.

Firstly, I refer to your earlier plaint that boat designers, except for Phil Bolger, were not responding to your invitation for submissions. What followed has been a wonderful series of articles that have since appeared on boat design written by such authors as:

Ted Cary in the January 1 issue on how to break the displacement hull speed limit and which contained valuable information on what limits hull speed.

Happy Robb White's articles on Small Boat Design containing his experiences with hull shape and the importance of fullness in hull shape.

The clearly presented several part series on Design Rules by Dennis Davis

And the many, many individual small wooden boat design experimentations and projects that continue to fill the pages of *MAIB*.

As an amateur boat builder who can't seem to stop thinking about the design of a next boat, I am very much gratified about all of the information that you make available to satisfy my addiction. At 77, I should probably know better; yet some part of me can't muffle that siren's voice calling me to the internet, to the drawing board and out to the shop.

Secondly, you rejected the idea of a small boat show as being beyond the resources and energy level of our general field of interest. Now, in the October 1 issue Commentary page, you cite another person who is speaking up for just such an event. Your response is, wisely, one of caution tempered by experience. Perhaps, as our society throttles down its insatiable need for the conspicuous consumption dictated by the American Dream gone mad, we can slow down and actually support a modest, low-keyed display of the efforts of so many fine small boatbuilders. I know that it would be an inspiration to someone like yours truly.

Dan Dick, Worcester, MA

Another Advantage of Wood

Being a wooden boat freak, I couldn't help but read the article about the problems associated with recycling fiberglass boats with a big grin on my face. You inadvertently pointed out another advantage to wood boats, they are self recycling. Thanks for the chuckle.

Pete Cartier, Queensbury, NY

Projects...

Elf Needs Help

Help! The Classic Yacht Restoration Guild is seeking mast and spar wood to complete restoration of *Elf*, an 1888 Lawley 30-footer, class cutter. *Elf* has been a continuous part of American maritime culture for more than a century, and with complete restoration to her original condition, she can fulfill a mission of history and cultural awareness in the Chesapeake Bay community, where she has been a fixture since the early 1930s.

Following a lively career as a gaff topsail cutter rigged racing yacht, *Elf* pioneered off-shore cruising in 1893, by being the first small craft to successfully cruise round-trip from Marblehead, Massachusetts to Halifax, Nova Scotia. This voyage was well documented in a feature article in the *Boston Globe*

for 1893. *Elf* was known to regularly cruise between New England and the Bahamas and was formally entered in early 20th century editions of *Lloyds Register of American Yachts*.

During 1918, *Elf*'s externally fitted lead ballast was given up to support the American effort in the first great world conflict. A modified *Elf* was brought to the Chesapeake Bay in 1932 by Gus and Veda Van Lennep, who founded the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in 1965 and who have ardently supported *Elf*'s restoration. Rick Carrion acquired the boat in 1971, has had her listed on the National Register of Historic Places. She is now the property of the Guild, whose current objective is to restore *Elf* to her original lines, rigging, and sail configuration. At the present time, our available resources have enabled re-planking of *Elf*'s hull to be completed. What we seek now is the wood necessary to recreate her spars as listed below:

Long leaf yellow pine preferred, fir acceptable (add 25% to diameters). White cedar and cypress are also useable. Mast: 40' x 9" min diameter. Boom: 32'-33'; 5+1/2" tapered to 4". Gaff: 23'. Topmast: 22'. Bowsprit: 25' x 8" x 8".

If you are interested in helping the restoration in any way or can help us locate the wood we are seeking, please contact the Guild. All contributions are tax deductible.

Richard P. Carrion, Director, Classic Yacht Restoration Guild, P.O. Box 237, Earleville, MD 21919, (410) 275-2819

This Magazine...

Yet More on that Dirt Road

I was amazed at the heat that your July 1 Commentary (about *MAIB* being a "dirt road" alongside the "information superhighway") aroused. I think in the interests of balance I should offer a different view.

To me, all telecom arrangements I make are for my convenience, not that of businesses or anyone else trying to contact me. In particular, they will not interrupt dinner with my wife. To that end, I have the ringer turned off and the answering machine on, always. The message says "Speak after the beep. Your voice is the only ringer on this phone." The machine answer causes automatic dialers for marketing types to hang up without disturbing me. Friends who call know that I will pick up if I hear their voices and am not tied up. It is very peaceful and I respond to messages if and when I choose. I have not heard the phone ring at home in over three years.

I have the same approach to email. I delete at the remote server anything I don't know I want. Mailing lists go into separate folders so I can look at them all together when convenient.

Finally, I would never have heard of *MAIB* except for an email list, yacht-l.

Rodney Myrvaagnes, New York, NY

Editor Comments: Yes, we do occasionally intersect with that information superhighway, about 5% of our new subscriptions now come from the internet, so somewhere ahead in the distant future our dirt road will probably be paved over into that superhighway. But, until then...



Greetings from Bora Bora. We've been having quite a little sail here since we deserted Sarasota last December. The sailing itself of course suffers from the fact that we're actually moving our house. With the weight of all the spare parts, tools, toys, and the library, *Sequester* doesn't exactly skim through the waves. None the less, I'm getting some good observations from watching her deal with every sea state from mirror flat to Beaufort Force 8.

We received mail when we made Tahiti, and got a whole mess of *Messing About* back issues, which have made good reading while we've sat out a couple of pretty vicious weather fronts. I had sort of pictured this area at this time of year having a stable and generally pleasant climate. That doesn't quite equate to the whole story, but with two hooks in the sand behind the reef and a good supply of coconuts and reading material, well it could be a lot worse. Since I got the hatches pretty well right it hardly rains at all inside the cabin, and as long as we trust the ground tackle we get used to the howling wind, conditions best for reading and writing.

In between fronts the weather actually is pretty close to paradise, and starting in Panama, running through the Galapagos, Marquesas and Society Islands I've gotten to see a wonderful variety of boats, sailing, rowing, paddling and powering, some recent descendants of the craft that evolved to deal with local conditions over a thousand or so years. Plenty of opportunity, too to see how well the imported Bayliners and locally built copies of them cope with the rough water and crude facilities. It's been enlightening,

Greetings from Bora Bora

By Ted Cary
(By Way of Robb White)

In Kuna Indian territory around the San Blas Islands there's damn little water where we can count on it being smooth for more than a few hours at a time. And there's damn little loose money around. I don't think I saw two planing boats in a month there. Every family has one or more cayucas, the dugout canoes made from the big logs up the mainland rivers. There are only a dozen or so guys still carving the dugouts, but they last a long time. The whole tribe lives scattered out on the near shore islands, and they commute to the rivers to tend their farms and bring back food and fresh water daily. They use a great big bladed paddle, and the bow of the cayuca is shaped like your little skiffs, carved hollow but with an added shallow skeg on the first couple feet (in English boats I've heard it called a gripe) to make the bow hold onto the track pretty well. That way they can steer with considerable power from the stern.

When they sail them with their raggedy old homemade sprit sloop rigs, they just place the paddle against the gunnel in the right spot, pretty well aft, to act as a leeboard that balances the sail trim and points the canoe where they want to go. No rudder at all. We saw those things out plunging through a five foot sea several miles offshore, one guy controlling the

heel by hanging back against a line from the masthead, one guy handling the paddle, and one guy scooping water out of the bottom as fast as he could throw it with a big calabash. It's a sight

In the Galapagos, where there's no indigenous population at all, it's all heavily built wooden vee bottom skiffs, from 18' to 25' long, with a Yamaha or Johnson outboard, 30hp - 90hp, on the transom. Always just one. While we were there one of those boats had the motor quit off of Isabella, and it took twelve days to find those three boys. The US military finally decided to use the search as a training exercise for an Orion spy plane crew and located them 180 miles SW of the island. Me, I think I'd find a way to afford a little backup kicker and a separate tank of gas for fishing around there. We sailed ol' *Sequester* as fast as we could when we left, and it took over three weeks to make the next speck of land to the west. Be a long, uncomfortable drift in a disabled open skiff! I was pleased they found those three in good shape. They were still catching fish.

All through French Polynesia it's been outriggers and double canoes. They're building a lot of them from fiberglass now, especially the long distance (50 miles!) race boats, but there are still a lot of them working that were made of plywood, often quite a few years ago. They put a little narrow bowed flat bottom on them that ends up just wide enough for the stern to have good bearing to carry a small outboard and the helmsman (or helmswoman, as there's plenty of vahines driving boats here).

Little or no rocker to the bottom. The

sides are twisted into a serious hollow forward, then run back to a pretty businesslike vertical flat panel by the time they pass amidships. The family utility boat will be about 18' - 20' long, less than 3' wide. The outrigger is an appropriately curved log, maybe 4" diameter, 6' - 7' long, lashed onto a pair of sort of flexible small diameter connecting sticks, using a few short vertical connectors lashed in a tripod configuration to hang it down to water level. One of the favorite motors is a long shaft Yamaha 6hp. They run all over the lagoons of these atolls with five or six adults and a couple assorted juveniles in them, doing 10-12 knots through the chop, everyone moderately dry and comfortable. Good pace for that cheap, economical power plant

The exception to the outrigger boats is in the Tuamotu atolls. Those folks make a lot of

money farming cultured black pearls, and there's not a Walmart within miles to spend it in. They've taken to harpooning mahi mahi (dolphins) at the atoll passes for sport and good food. The boat of choice for this is a deep vee hull maybe 18' long with the forward third decked. There's a hole in the deck where the driver wedges in waist deep, with the throttles at one hand and a thwartships vertical tiller in front of his chest. The harpoon man is in the undecked stern section.

Power is a Yamaha or Johnson 200hp outboard. When they spot a school of mahi, they give chase, and the mahi will stay on the surface. The mahi can swim real fast, and turn on a dime, so staying with them long enough to get a spear in one is demanding. I prefer to see the guys racing the paddling and sailing outriggers for sport, but having spent a stupid

amount of time and money slithering around a track on a motorcycle when I was younger, I ain't sure I'm qualified to criticize other "motor" sports.

Anyway, thought I'd send a progress report, and mention that I still plan to whip up a lightweight two piece dinghy when we get settled in New Zealand. I noticed in my stack of magazines there was no great reader response to my hull speed article, and a couple issues later there was a complaint about the Editor not printing enough articles on design. I thought that's what I was writing about but maybe I'm too abstract.

Ted Cary, S/V *Sequester*, c/o Ted & Karen Gary, PMB 296, Sarasota, FL 34237-7125, <tkgary@hotmail.com>, www.seegoodstuff.com/sequester

Surf Fest 2001 (or Upside-Down Views of South Padre Island)

By Monte Rhodes

As the second or third 6' wave crashed on the deck of my Guillemot kayak, I wondered for the fifth or sixth time, "What am I doing out here?" A second or two later I learned what I was doing, swimming with a capsized 17' kayak in pleasantly warm water back to the beach about a quarter mile down current from where I started.

Three friends from Austin and I were attending Surf Fest 2001, held on Labor Day weekend at South Padre Island on the Texas coast. It was an informal event put together by various kayak and canoe people in Houston and other Texas cities. We met Saturday on the beach at South Beach Primitive Beach Campground, Padre Island National Seashore, about 35 miles from Corpus Christi, Texas. It's a beautiful, long, beach with summer warm water, a pleasant, humid wind, and usually mild surf.

Due to a late summer front, the surf was not so mild this time. It was breaking from 100 to 150 yards out, with 1' to 2' foot waves close in, getting bigger and bigger as the good


paddlers, or the foolhardy ones, ventured out past the breakers, I'm told, I never made it that far, the swells were at least 6' and steep. A nice challenge for the better paddlers, but a frightening place for flat water cruisers.

It was actually an excellent learning experience for us flat water people. It was a chance to learn about bracing against an incoming wave, bracing while surfing a wave, bracing for your life! No, not really life threatening, in warm water, wearing a good PFD, with plenty of experienced helpers watching from the beach, it was a safe place to learn new skills.

It was good to learn that my 17' Guillemot cedar strip kayak could handle big wave conditions. Ken, an excellent kayaker from Corpus Christi, took my boat out past the breakers. He not only made it look easy but did a few rolls, "Emmm, I wonder how it rolls..." It made me think that I really must work on my roll, but not today.

After watching Ken and a couple of other good paddlers, I gained some confidence and was able to cruise up and down the beach in the 2' to 3' stuff. About the time that I'm thinking that this is easy, I either would miss a brace or the break would hit me wrong and I would be swimming again. Oh well, next time.

See <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/SurfFest/files/Web/Fest2001.htm> for the announcement of this year's event and people to contact for next year.



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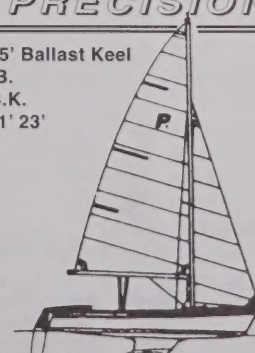
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Starvation

By Jim Thayer

Many years hence, assuming sailboats are still permitted on the lakes, ponds, and impoundments of the West, some neophyte may wonder why it's called the Starvation Meet. Some hoary-haired old salt will explain, "Well, son, years ago we used to get together at a desolate piece of water in eastern Utah called Starvation Reservoir, named no doubt after some pioneer disaster of heartbreaking pathos."

To set the record straight, the first two years the meet was held at Utah Lake near Salt Lake City. However, the density of jet skis and other idiot craft drove our intrepid little band into the boonie fastness of the dinosaur triangle. There we discovered Starvation, a suitable spiritual home for the right sort of people. Starvation thus set the tone for the group, and I suspect that the name will stick for the spring opener, regardless of location.

Alas, for these types the water is always bluer over the horizon. We therefore gathered at Flaming Gorge this year, a larger and more organized place than our usual haunt, although still, at this early date, bereft of motor maniacs.

The Colorado contingent, all Thayers of one stripe or another, were in place Friday afternoon. First order of business was to erect the new shelter. An earlier iteration had bitten the dust at Starvation several years before. Two couples and a small girl had it up in not much over an hour and were still on relatively good terms. Seemed like a lot of trouble, but we were overjoyed to have it before the weekend was out.

Checking the neighborhood, we discovered a good looking Expedition 18 belonging to Dwight and Joan Nicholson who had been enticed by our SL recruiter, Steve Axon. Incidentally, Starvation stalwart Steve was off cruising the Med where, according to his e-mail, he was largely occupied with lapping little local wines and ogling bare-breasted beach babes.

Well into the dark we were delighted to welcome Dewitt Smith and Garrett Gilmore. Why were they so late? Well, they had been working all hours of the day and night to get Garrett's pulling boat hull outfitted. Finally it was strapped to a rack built on the back of Dewitt's pickup. As they pulled into the Colonel's place for a chicken fix, the truck racked, the rack racked, and the thwart supports epoxied to the glass hull popped right off. Slightly dejected, they took the boat home and then got on the road again with Dewitt's keelboat, *Gusty*.

I could sympathize. The only thwart supports that I ever had fail were put on with epoxy. Unlike Garrett's, which were just glued on, mine were covered with mat and cloth which lapped well out from the support.

There is no doubt that epoxy sticks well to fiberglass. Drips that run down on gelcoat contaminated with mold wax will adhere so well that removal will result in gelcoat failure if I am not careful.

Bear in mind that a fiberglass hull, even quite a thick one, is flexible and whatever you are trying to stick to it may be quite rigid. This is a very basic incompatibility. Generally I



Tom Gale with rare Citroen tow car.

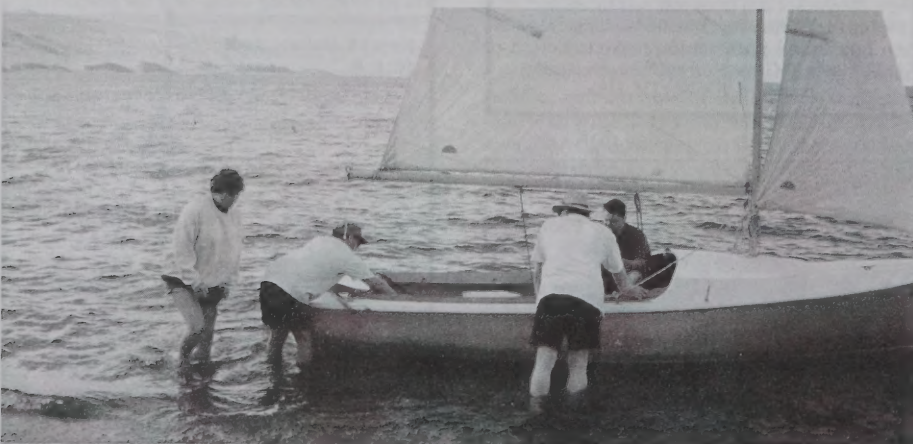


Stopped to play, anchor out as always.

Gale crew with ill-fated sailstar.



Jessie with duck, the best part of sailing.



stick the piece on with fibered body putty, run a fillet around it, and then cover with mat and cloth feathered well out to avoid stress concentrations. Polyester is a heck of a lot cheaper than epoxy, so I would save epoxy for applications where you really need it.

Gathered around our scrap wood white man fire, it wasn't much of a jump from Garrett's dilemma to recalling the disasters of last year which, due to the sloth of your scribe, have yet to be reported.

Being the season opener, in May, in the high altitude West, the participants tend to be a little groggy from the winter's hibernation. They may forget boat parts or even crew. Back in double ought Tom Gale showed up with wife, daughter, two other couples, and an old 17' glass daysailer towed by, of all things, a Citroen DS. In the heat of organizing this entourage, Tom forgot his rudder. No problem. He ran into Duchesne and was soon back with some boards and bits of hardware. In no time he was sailing. A man after my own heart.

That afternoon I was standing ashore watching Tom and guests reaching in for a small cove. Rather than run up on the sand, I was surprised to see him charge up on a ragged ledge about 2' high, nearly clearing the water. This was the first time I had met Tom, and I concluded that he must be some kind of grand-standing cowboy. Turned out that his rudder had disintegrated at a critical moment. Damage didn't look too bad, but next day as he motored for the ramp she began to take on water. It was all the poor DS could do to drag her out of the water.

As usual, last year Dewitt had his Victory 21 keelboat. He and Garrett got in some spirited sailing as Starvation always favors us with good breeze. Keelboats, obviously, are not the handiest things to launch and recover. Dewitt's rig is typical. He unhooks the road hitch, pulls ahead, and extracts an extension from the trailer, which gives him another 15' or so to dunk the trailer deeper. You may be thinking that all this requires a certain amount of care and planning. And so it does.

While Dewitt made his preparations ashore, Garrett was trying to keep *Gusty* on station near the ramp with a paddle. Luckily a powerboat was idling near by awaiting its turn at the ramp. At some point Garrett looked up and saw the trailer mast support going by like a periscope. With some quick teamwork they managed to get a line on it before it disappeared. Come fall, at the Kokopelli, I noticed that Dewitt had a 3/4" hawser from bumper to trailer as the first step. I would suggest that if you are ever at the ramp when Dewitt shows up, you might double up in a fit of coughing and stumble for the horizon.

Well, if it weren't for these little episodes, the evening campfire might degenerate to politics or worse. They also serve to educate the newcomers.

So, what of this year's gathering at Flaming Gorge? Unfortunately our scouts were not sailors, and their glowing reports were based on different criteria than we would employ. The beach was nice but at a far remove from the camp. The ramp was a couple of miles in the other direction. The showers made it a little pricey. Whatever happened to that morning dash of cold water in the face?

The Nicholsons were first overboard and spent the day ripping to and fro in the crackling breeze. Steve Miller had his powerboat in to go fishing. We tolerate Steve because he

is a decent sort, his wife is one of the kids, and fishing is a noble calling.

The ramp was white-knuckle steep, but Dewitt got in OK and so did we. There was a spanking breeze and the three boats enjoyed it to the fullest. Mike Balamis finally showed up mid-afternoon with his Wee Lassie, but forsook her for a big boat ride. The Palmers had limped in with clutch trouble. Chip had lucked onto a slave cylinder en route and so entertained himself much of the day changing the cylinder and bleeding it. The result was less than hoped for but operable.

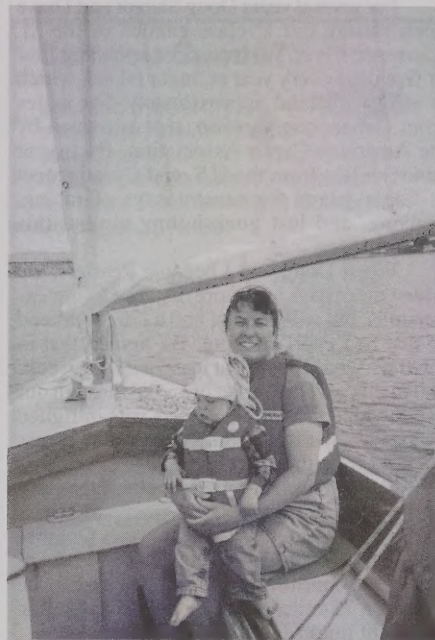
That evening Dwight and Joan came down the road with a pack of shrimp and a bottle of Chardonnay. Proper sailors for sure! I had a bucket of beans and there was enough other stuff so that we got on very well. After toasting a few vagrant shrimp over a dying fire, we all dragged off to bed.

Sunday dawned bright with the wind more energetic than ever. The Salt Lakers had pulled their boats the night before and, evidently divining something we didn't, were on the road after breakfast.

Our bunch piled into the tour boat and, taking a good bit of spray, putted across the lake and up a scenic canyon. Afterward Steve and Chip dropped us back at the ramp and went off fishing. One of our party, two-year-old Grady Lee, son of the aforementioned Chip, is normally of an almost preternaturally sunny disposition. In fact, I realize that I sometimes make a nuisance of myself bragging about him. On rare occasions, however, he is so misunderstood, so put upon, so ill used, treated so outrageously, that lacking the adult tools of profanity and invective, he must resort to elemental means to highlight his problem. The result is akin to atomic fission.

One supposes that he wanted to go with his daddy. He sat down on the ramp and the very concrete shivered. I have some video that will be an embarrassment when he is a teenager, or perhaps blackmail material.

I had left *Nina* on the beach and come late afternoon. Sharon and I decided to go for a short sail. I had got the anchor in and was freeing the sail when the wind, which had been out of the northwest all weekend, jumped 180

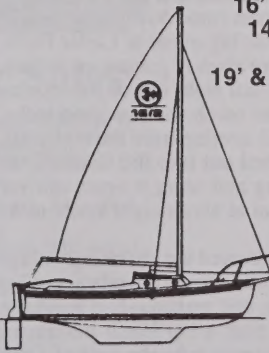


Sharon and Grade Lee, start 'em young.

degrees and in a couple of minutes the temperature had dropped, nay, plummeted, 20 degrees. The beach was now a lee shore and the exercise seemed rather more trouble than fun. We secured the ship and ran for the woods. By the time we got the fire going it was flaking. Come desert time the s'mores had to be made with the aid of an umbrella.

The beautifully festooned trees glistened in the warm morning sun. A classic "no pain, no gain." Chip had the fire and coffee going ere another soul stirred and there were fish to be fried. Sons-in-law do have their place. The wind had gone soft and I kept the gang waiting at the ramp.

Dusk caught us atop Douglas Pass, but not before treating us to a nice sunset. Well, next year we can talk about the weather when, I expect, we'll be back at Starvation. See you in May.




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For several years Doug Shaver and I have been sailing our C class canoes in the St. Lawrence River. We have been spending four or five days every year at Sugar Island, which is a lovely island approximately five miles from Gananoque, Ontario, that is owned by the American Canoe Association. Each year canoe sailors from the U.S. and Canada meet at Sugar Island for several days of racing, cruising, and just gunk-holing around this beautiful area.

When Doug and I became Pearlers, we added more days and more distance to our excursions, but still had not had a long weekend of just Sea Pearl cruising. We agreed that in 1990 we would devote at least one long weekend to this purpose. I had browsed through our St. Lawrence River charts and was intrigued by the idea of sailing from Sugar Island, across the river from the Canadian side to the American side, and upriver to the mouth of the lake. From there it seemed like a great sail across the foot of Lake Ontario to Kingston, Ontario, and then back upriver on the Canadian channel to our starting point. It appeared to be approx. a 75-mile journey (if you could sail in a straight line).

We had been cautioned about the trip across the lake because the prevailing southwest wind would have the full length of Lake Ontario to build a powerful sea. In earlier days I remembered putting in to Cape Vincent in a 28' power boat to escape such conditions, and a wild ride it was to the Cape Vincent breakwater. Doug and I had already decided we would carefully monitor the weather reports and take no foolish chances. We also had experienced several high wind conditions with the Pearl and had great respect for her ability to handle most situations. We were very fond of the split-rig reefing and water ballast tanks.

The weekend from Friday, June 15th to Sunday, June 17th was selected for our trip, and we planned to launch from the 1000 Islands Village Motel where we often set out for Sugar Island.

We left Binghamton, New York, at approx. 2:30 PM, and it was our intention to launch as soon as we arrived and put on as many miles as possible Friday night. We would have no motor aboard and neither Doug nor I are real big on rowing. We arrived at the Marina at 6:30 and were loaded, launched, and underway by 7:00 (most of the Pearl was pre-loaded). The gods were with us as we had a 12-15 knot northeast wind, which gave us a wing and wing run or a broad reach straight across the river to the American Channel. Forty minutes out we passed abeam of our favorite Sugar Island and proceeded along the Lake Fleet Island Group, settling down for a most enjoyable sail along the west coast of Grindstone Island and on into the American Channel. It was a warm, windy, beautiful evening sail and we were anxious to see how far upriver we could get before dark.

In planning our trip I had noted a protruding point on the mainland about six miles west of Clayton, New York. It was named Cedar Point State Park. I really didn't think we could reach it the first day, but the wind was so favorable and the current not much of a factor, that we decided to try for it. It was getting close to sundown and all the lovely evening colors were forming. We had no lights except two flashlights which served us well. We were sailing directly west into the beautiful Canadian sunset and were just a mile or so

Journey on the St. Lawrence

By Chuck Durgin

from the light on Cedar Point Marina when total darkness engulfed us. There was still traffic on the river so whenever we saw or heard another boat, we flashed our flashlights on the sails and this seemed to work OK.

Very seldom have I been able to sail in to a marina slip, but when we were abeam of the marina we switched from our run to a port tack reach and headed for the lower end of the docks. We reefed the sails to slow down, and when we reached the opening we jibed into it, ran a short distance, came back to a starboard reach until we saw a slip, then headed up and coasted into our slip. This certainly surprised the power boaters in the area as we were lucky enough to make it look real easy. Cedar Point State Park is used mainly by fishermen, and ours was the only sailboat in the marina. I believe we may have been the first sailboat to dock there.

After securing the Pearl, we picked up our tent and sleeping bags and asked a bystander where the camping area was. One of the campers pointed off into the darkness and said, "up there a ways." We headed up in that direction along the river until we bumped in to a picnic table with a hibachi adjacent. Figuring this to be a nice campsite, we set up the tent and climbed into our sleeping bags feeling we had a great day behind us. We drifted off to sleep looking forward to tomorrow's sail.

No sooner had the sheep cleared the fence than we heard the roar of an engine and saw flashing red lights penetrating our tent. Dragging to our feet, we opened the tent to find a Ranger there pointing a flashlight in our eyes and giving us hell for pitching our tent in a picnic area. We were surprised to find that the Ranger was a lady. Once we explained that we arrived by water after dark, did not sneak in past the pay booth, and were innocent of calculated misbehaving, she gave us permission to stay if we packed up and got out early before anyone saw us. We thanked her graciously and went back to sleep.

Up early Friday morning, we had a quick fruit and cereal breakfast and were back to the Pearl before campers came down to the beach. Since fishing is the big event at Cedar Point, many boaters were already getting underway. We were able to sail right out of the marina again with just one reach and two short tacks. The wind was still coming from the northeast, so after we reached out into the channel, we were able to wing and wing it again upriver against the current at about eight knots making fine way.

Our chart indicated the charming village of Cape Vincent was approximately six miles from our position, and we thought it would be a good place to grab a hot lunch before we attempted a crossing across the foot of Lake Ontario. We kept making good time and arrived at the Cape Vincent town dock at about 11:45, secured the Pearl, and strode off for a culinary adventure. Cape Vincent is a real seaman's village as it has both the river and the lake to explore. Wolfe Island is a famous bass fishing area and Lake Ontario is noted

for its land locked salmon. The village is just off the main route enough to escape some of the commercialism of the other more touristy towns, and we really enjoyed our short, but not last, visit there. We stopped in at the Cape Vincent Hotel and had a fine lunch. After lunch we called fellow Pearler Neff Henrich to introduce ourselves and invite him along if he had the time. He couldn't join us, but did come down to the dock to see us off. He wanted to know when we planned our next adventure.

Each year Cape Vincent has an annual affair called "French Days," and the village was busy with the preparations. It is customary to drink wine, wear berets, and engage in other French customs. Many Canadians sail over for the festivities. We are going to have to put this event on a future schedule. The locals encouraged us to linger for the party, but we had a busy agenda and not much time.

Reluctantly we sailed out of the breakwater and into the main channel heading west to the mouth of the river and the lake. The same northeast wind powered us along toward Lake Ontario at great speed. The combination of unfavorable current against following wind began to build some larger waves, but the ride was exhilarating and still comfortable. It was farther than I thought to the end of Wolfe Island and into the lake, but as we rounded the last point of land, I was thankful that the wind was stiff from the northeast and not from the prevailing southwest. Then it would have had the length of the lake to build up a substantial sea. We switched to a reach and sped along nicely toward our destination.

Our estimate was about 28 miles from Cape Vincent to Kingston and, if the wind held, we would arrive about dark. After about 45 minutes on our reach, we saw a huge bay, perhaps four miles across and three miles deep. I looked at the chart to see if it was identifiable and it was marked Big Sandy Bay. It looked so inviting that we decided to sail in, explore, and take a swim. Big Sandy Bay was lovelier than words can explain. It had to be the equal of any South Sea island beach with miles of pure white sand, clear blue water, and not a soul in sight as far as we could see.

We anchored in the shallow water and swam, swam, and swam, and then we came ashore and explored the beach. The beach was completely inaccessible from the island side. It was an impossible jungle of tangled undergrowth about 10' to 12' high. One would have to arrive by water and, because of its exposed location, choose the right wind and wave conditions. The reward is great, however, and finding this bay was the highlight of our trip.

It wasn't easy, but we knew we had spent too much time in the Bay, so we pulled up anchor and ran out of the bay into the lake, off on to a reach again. We pointed the bow toward Simcoe Island, which we had to pass before entering Kingston Bay. Now we had a real concern about arriving in Kingston before dark. The wind was letting up and within an hour we were completely becalmed. To make matters much worse, a hatch of millions of small insects acquired life right around us and the sails, the Pearl, and the crew were completely engulfed by them. It was hopeless to fight them off and it seemed forever until a slight breeze came along, and as our speed increased they eventually blew away.

The wind was very light and our speed very slow, but at least we were rid of the insects. Time was precious, as sunset was only

an hour away. We finally reached Simcoe Channel and elected to tack up to Kingston Bay, believing that we could find a cove to anchor for the night, as land was close on each side.

It seemed to take forever to tack up Simcoe Channel toward Kingston Bay, but we thoroughly enjoyed the countryside on both Wolfe Island to starboard and Simcoe Island to port. There were many farms dotting the landscape that were well-kept but not prosperous. It had to be a hard life working an island farm in such a remote area in a very severe climate.

Finally we rounded the tip of Simcoe Island and were treated to a glorious sight. The sun was just setting behind the city of Kingston and all the buildings, cathedrals, spires, windows, etc. were back-lit. With the yellow-orange glow of the setting sun, it was a breathtaking sight. As the sun set, the wind died out completely and we lay becalmed, but still soaking up the view until it was totally dark except for the lights of the city.

Our chart indicated a Canadian Camp Island about three miles from our position and, since the current was with us, we decided to try and make it. About two hours later, after a combination of drifting, rowing, and sailing(?), we dropped anchor in a small cove on Cedar Island. The moon was full and the moon glow on the city of Kingston that night was as pretty as the sunset was earlier.

There was no easy way to go ashore to pitch our tent, and we were exhausted, so we raised the convertible top and prepared for the night. Tenting on a Sea Pearl is a challenge for any two people (unless you're in love), and it is especially a challenge when one of you tries to inflate an air mattress for his comfort. Doug wedged me nicely under the port cockpit seat, but I was too tired to complain at length and soon dropped off to sleep.

"Hey Chuck! Wake up! You gotta see this!" These were the kind words I woke up to. I struggled up and out of the top to see Doug pointing to a large shape in the mist anchored only a short distance away from us. When my eyes regained a semblance of focus, I saw it

was a large, beautiful barkentine. It evidently was a training ship for the Canadian Maritime. She must have pulled in while we were asleep and we were just too tired to notice her when she arrived. Her crew were already up and doing chores. We exchanged friendly waves and started planning breakfast and our day.

With any luck, this was to be our last day afloat and we hoped to sail the Canadian Channel back to our starting point. The wind was very light and still from the north to northeast, so it was again a beat. In the distance we could see the narrows between Wolfe and Howe Islands and this was our first destination. It took many hours and many tacks to make it, but we finally did. Once through the narrows, the river widened out and, lucky for us, the wind freshened and swung around to the prevailing southwest, which gave us a direct broad reach to our familiar Lake Fleet Islands. About 3:00 PM we slid by our beloved Sugar Island, jibed, and set a new course northeast of and to leeward of Gordon Island. From there it was a direct line into the 1000 Islands boat dock and launching ramp. By 5:00 we were hauled, packed, paid, and on our way home from a glorious three-day, 75-mile circuiting of the first 25 miles of the St. Lawrence River's American and Canadian Channels.

Each year Doug and I plan a three or four-day cruise in our Pearl. In 1992 and 1993, we sailed out of two New York State Parks on Lake Ontario and had great weekends. We think it would be fun if any other Pearlers joined us. We could also arrange for camp cruising from Sugar Island or even set up racing from Sugar. The cost is minimal. Let us know if you are interested. Call 607-723-4122.

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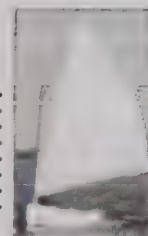
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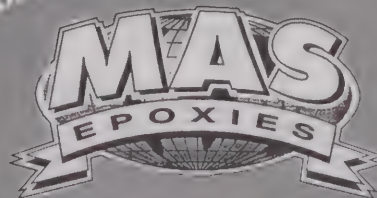
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The Nipigon boats are tough customers. On any map of the North American continent Lake Superior resembles the head of a wolf that has eaten its way westward from the sea-board. Having relished its repast, this wolf's head will appear as slaving of jowl in jolly anticipation of swallowing more mountain, river and timber. At the nose of this wolf is Duluth, the jugular locates Sault Sainte Marie, the eye will be Isle Royale of fabulous legend, and where the wolf's brow falls is Thunder Cape. Higher on the forehead is the Nipigon country, and the heart of the Nipigon is the Nipigon River.

A region of behemoth porphyry folds is the Nipigon, of naked spruce forests, fish full cataracts and amethyst vistas. It is peopled by Canucks, Frenchmen, Newfies, a polyglot mixture of muscular men who love their land and who whip from its rawness great wealth in timber and fish. It is a beautiful though demanding land any way you look at it, though it would be well not to look too closely lest some of the local blokes "mistake yer fer a Stateside uranium hunter and toss ya inta t'irty fathom."

A collection of false fronts and red paper shacks called Nipigon is the city of the region.

Mini Max

By Weston Farmer

Bare in promise, still rarer of odor, it is raw of setting and raucously tooled for timbering. There at Nipigon, a few miles from Lake Superior, is built a rugged breed of boat which is one of the tools of timbering and the like of which I have seen nowhere else in a half world of wandering.

Now boats that are tools of trade in the various locales of the world can be counted on to be masters of local conditions. They evolve out of local use to achieve just such mastery. The Nipigon boats therefore thrive on hitting things, rocks for instance, and up on the Nipigon River, under the high span that bridges the automobile road, these Nipigon craft, very short in length, highly powered, highly maneuverable and practically logproof (what with the basket of pipes shrouding their wheels, are actually used for the world's toughest service.

They are used to bump, push, subdue, overtake and generally cowboy the rushing poles of pine that tumble from rapids to rap-

ids down to flat water.

It is a shocking, then amusing, and finally fascinating thing to see a little boat edging a whirlpool of timber, like a collie dog with a herd of sheep, and to see her climb right over the logs as though they were not there, or at most were an inconsequential nuisance to be overlooked, and to watch her worm her snorting way to an offending key log that has up-ended and bam said pole into motion and docility.

I said the Nipigon boats are tough!

When the log boom is made up, down on Superior, the mighty midgets are found there in the big water knocking tar out of both boom and lake. They can take it.

The possibility of making a stout cheap cruiser based on these Nipigon-Superior toughies has wanted doing for a long time. Here she is: Mini Max.

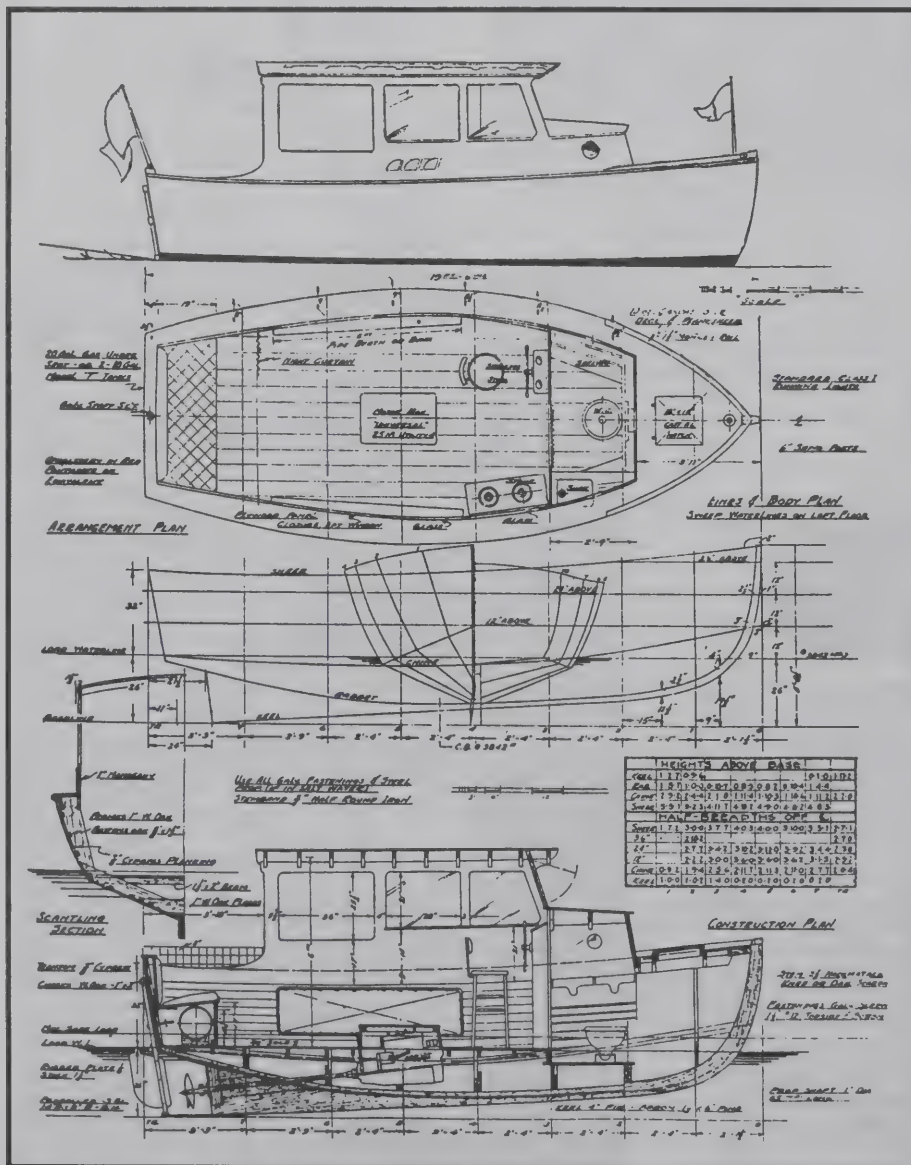
Mini Max is only nineteen feet and fractional inches long, but like most Nipigon craft she seems to have as much room as a twenty-six footer. She is no experimental design for, while I have reached elsewhere for the arrangement plan (to the old Elco Marinettes designed by Bill Fleming) the hull of Mini Max is an evolution of several Nipigon pine pummelers overlaid as to features of deadrise by one Thor, a boat I designed in 1927 and which, having eaten up four or five engines in the pulping business, including a Ford, a Universal and a Red Wing, is still knocking hell out of log and lake and seems to be always yelling "Gimme more iron."

You can have a good cruiser on small inches. The chief thing I have learned in doing quite a number of tabloid shippies is to keep them weighty. Then they act more like boats. This is particularly true of the bulky kind of boat, which Mini Max unashamedly is. Weight takes a lot of the objectionable wallow out of the craft's sea behavior, something you cannot get with plywood. So she is beefy and will stay together. Her hull is of optimum deadrise, her topsides have a nice flowing batten, and she will build cheaply, cheaply, cheaply.

I do not know what Minnie's general coefficients are and I dinna care. I guarantee you can build her from the thumbnail design accompanying this yarn, that she will float as shown if you use the scantlings I recommend and show. Further, I guarantee she has moments that are teeming with inertia and that her prismatic is very coefficient. Hell, you can't design a boat with tables. It takes art to integrate such an assemblage of compromises. I bet a 1903 Wright airplane against a transparent Bikini that Min Max will stay right side up when Superior, or any lesser body, is standing on end.

If you like her you can build her for about \$300 lumber, and perhaps another hundred for hardware and fitments (1950s, remember. Ed.).

The power plant? Tops for my money would be a Universal Utility Four. I also like a Chris Craft Model B, a Gray or a Kermath of about forty-five horsepower, and I like also the water pump feature on the Atlas Skipper, which is not as large an engine. A single cylinder two cycle four to five horsepower will give six to seven miles, which will get you there and back on time if you know when to turn around. If you want eight or nine miles, a buffed up model T will serve you until you can ford the real mills first mentioned, which will give from ten to fifteen miles.



The arrangement speaks for itself. She is essentially a cabin type cruiser for cold and rough water use. But by eliminating the plywood sides which are specified in lieu of windows, the little hooker will do well in the tropics, for rain she will keep out.

The Thor, of tough memory, it must be said was planked with seven-eighths cypress. The stuff is eternal, and has stood the service well, though it never got used to being on a boat and the grain is still tough to paint. For roughneck work use cypress. For macaroon cruising, sugar pine will do.

I have made scantling concessions to the very probable fact that you will not be shooting rapids-billiards with thirty foot pine bole cues. And, of course, she is an adaptation, hence a distinct type; rugged for a small boat, good for your pocketbook, and good for thirty years.

Which is good enough.

In Memory of "Westy"

From *Small Boat Journal*,
August/September 1981 by Jim Brown, Editor

The name of Weston Farmer did not appear often in *Small Boat Journal*. The peppery dean of American naval architecture, who died last May (1981) in Minneapolis, revived "A Hannah Masterpiece", a little raised-deck cruiser, in our August '79 premiere edition, contributed an editorial in February '80 and wrote of his plans for a steel version of Sam Rabl's tabloid cruiser, Buddy, in the August '80 issue.

But "Westy", as he was known with affection and respect by colleagues and friends everywhere, contributed far more to this magazine than those all-too-few bylines would suggest. As counselor, confidante and sometimes caustic critic, Weston Farmer was a guiding spirit behind an editorial philosophy dedicated to what he saw as "a swing back to simple, basic, small boats".

Westy's barbs could be piercing, as this editor discovered during an early encounter over a Farmer manuscript. He knew his business after three-quarters of a century of using, building and designing boats and editing boating magazines. He would not suffer fools or foolish notions. In his preface to *From My Old Boat Shop*, a collection of *National Fisherman* articles, he observed that while reviewing the articles, "I chuckled here and there as some pertinent poke let hot air out of a few stuffed shirts".

Westy was adept at deflating stuffed shirts. He was even more voluble, however, in praising work well done, as in many tributes to old-time designers he had known and worked with; C.G. Davis, William Atkin, John Hanna, Sam Rabl, Ralph Winslow and others. And he could be compassionate. He once wrote a side-splitting letter to the *SBJ* staff, describing a prototype launching that went all wrong, but he declined to allow the letter to be printed because it might embarrass a former associate, one who had caused Westy considerable anguish.

Although he designed some elegant yachts in a career that spanned more than half a century, Weston Farmer's work as a boating

editor, writer and designer focused repeatedly on providing practical small boats, power and sail, for people of limited means who loved the water, as he did. As an editor, he was instrumental in making Hanna's Tahiti ketch available to round-the-world escapists. Later, he successfully redesigned Hanna's masterpiece as Tahitianiana in steel.

The steel Buddy never worked out to his satisfaction, but one month before a faltering heart gave way and after a series of heart attacks that would have silenced a lesser spirit, Westy wrote *SBJ*:

"I'd like to design a smaller steel vessel that could be built of, say, 14-gauge steel; do her in two sizes, one 18' and the other somewhat larger. Make her sail, power, cabin, camping AND...then put up a plate depicting the design and construction of a 6hp, old-time, one-lung engine, welded!"

Back to simple, basic, small boats. That was Weston Farmer's message to a boating world glutted with craft he contemptuously dismissed as "gunk boats". He practiced what he preached, to the feisty end, at 78, of a feisty career. His life, his wit, his wisdom and his art as a designer are an inspiration to those of us who carry on.

A Son Remembers

My father, E. Weston Farmer, NA, was a great naval architect and a great writer, especially, as the attached letter points out, in the field of popularized technical writing. In addition to being a superlative naval architect (quote from someone: "Westy never designed an ugly boat."), he was an engineer, artist, and a great romantic. I considered him to be a 20th-century Renaissance Man.

The attached letter from Bruce Lauren to Dave Getchell, Editor of *National Fisherman* in the 1975 period, reflects one man's astonishment at what a prolific designer and writer Dad was, and how much he enjoyed reading him through the years. Dad's first published article, at the age of 16, was about the design of propellers for model boats, and appeared in

Rudder in a 1919 issue.

When he showed his mother the \$35 check he received for the article, she barked,

"Weston, get back to your egg route, you have to EARN your money!" The egg route was soon forgotten, and a great career was launched.

Wes Farmer, Wayzata, MN

Editor, *National Fisherman*
Camden, ME
October, 1975
Sir:

The jig is up. I've had more than I can tolerate and must now publicly expose your fraud against your readers.

I refer to your deception in the continued printing of the work of the group that calls itself "Weston Farmer." It's not that I've any complaint about the material or the writing. Quite the contrary, it's captivated me when I was a little kid, it fascinates me now. But now I'm sixty years old and this "Weston Farmer" thing just rolls along unabated.

There's no one I've read who does anywhere near this quality of work in the field of popularized technical writing. The closest approach was by the late Tom McCahill, another fellow whom you would read, regardless of subject matter, just because what he said he said so well. However, McCahill was a brief flame, having only had a run of thirty years or so. You, though, would have us believe that some one person, who you choose to call "Weston Farmer," can go on cranking out all this colorful copy, this pungent prose, for endless decades and get better at it all the time.

Then occasionally, to really compound the offense, you print drawings and photos purporting to be the design work of this same man functioning as Naval Architect. They're lovely designs, and sensible too, but come, just how gullible are we expected to be?

It is to be hoped, now you're caught and your deception revealed, that you'll do the decent thing and publish pictures and profiles of all the generations of talented members of the syndicate called "Weston Farmer," together with a lot more of their work.

Bruce Lauren, Palm, Beach, FL



From My Old Boatshop

One-Lung Engines,
Fantail Launches & Other
Marine Delights

Weston farmer's great book republished by Elliott Bay Classics with added Farmer material. 8-1/2"x11" hardcover, 31 Chapters, 356 pages, profusely illustrated, with photos & design drawings. \$49.95 + \$3 S&H.

Weston Farmer Associates
18972 Azure Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391

This is not going to go all the way back to the astrolabe but just through the ages I have been navigating in. When I was a little boy, my father, an old Naval Academy officer (class of '29, resigned his commission right after graduation, ran off to the Caribbean, begged his way back in '41, and was the oldest Ensign in the Navy during the war) thought that it was his duty to teach me celestial navigation. Jesus, what a misery. We didn't even have the wonderful Mary Bluet book from which I finally actually figured it out. I don't remember anything at all about his lessons, or what the hell all those enormous books were, or anything but how the sextant smelled (terrible, sort of a combination of brass, urine, and vomit), and to this day I have a strong aversion to figuring out exactly where I am.

Don't get me wrong now, I'm a navigator and can go anywhere I want to go in a boat, but it just ain't an exact thing with me like it is with these sextant bearing yachtsmen who, after a little bout of the blind-staggers and a lot of page flipping and pencil work will make a declarative statement and put a mark on the chart that don't make any sense at all to a man who has been watching the progress of the boat.

I don't like to be mean, but you know, that little bit of narcissism with the sextant is just as obsolete as the display of a 2' long, belt-mount slide rule by engineering students. Now any fool can buy a calculator for \$4.95 and tell you the cosine of the sales tax on any object in the Super Wal-Mart, and whip out the \$99.95 GPS from its belt-mount camouflage case and tell you exactly where you are, accurate to 20' any place on the planet and, I guess, outer space if they have any longitudes and latitudes out there. I don't want to be a skeptic, but I wonder why the difference in price, a GPS looks just like a calculator inside and out, just doesn't have as many buttons is all.

The whole advancing of civilization stupifies me. I guess we just have to have it all, a cell phone ringing in every pocketbook and a beeper vibrating on every belt (makes a man act the same way as if he just got bit by a tick), and the whole world lit up by strobe lights. I remember when they invented Zebco-style, backlash-proof fishing reels. My father was aghast, "Goddammit," he said "now any fool can throw a plug just as well as me." Now with the GPS, any fool can go anywhere in a boat, if he can keep it running and on top of the water. Of course, they already could do that, what with these cursed, heavily insured, bare-boat charter outfits. You don't need anything but credit card skills to be sipping on the toddy in the cockpit in Bora Bora, captain in charge, of somebody else's boat.

I got all that disgruntlement out of the way so I can get to the cheerful part of navigation through the ages. My first high-tech navigation instrument was a Heathkit radio direction finder that I put together when I was in the Navy. Wow, what a gratifying thing.

Navigation Instruments Through the Ages

By Robb White

I soldered all those little doo-dads together according to the wonderfully clear instructions, put all eight of those C cells into the battery box, switched on a few of the switches, and immediately got the melodious, crooning, sing-song, excessively aspirant and sibilant bleat of the preacher on one of those extremely powerful, 24-hour radio stations that these big deal missionary Baptist churches back in the states patronizingly sponsor in heathen Catholic lands like Puerto Rico. It was a religious experience for me. I turned the little knob that rotated the stylish antenna on top and found out just exactly in which direction that preacher lay (might have been a lay preacher). I have taken that old radio many miles with me in many boats through the ages, and it has never failed to lead me down the true path of some radio station.

There are all sorts of instructions about how to triangulate and navigate with an RDF, but to me the best way is to find a regular AM radio station and follow the beam until you get to something you recognize. AM radio stations are getting scarce nowadays, WPAX in Thomasville, Georgia, since 1922 is still around and available all over the world at www.wpax.com. Of course, WPAX hardly beams outside the county, and they haven't got it so you can navigate on the Internet quite yet, but while you are punching in the WPTs and the LMs and trying to figure out how to eliminate all the erroneous entries into the ROUTE, you can listen to WPAX on the computer.

They have a real live disc jockey and newsman most of the time, but the best thing is the Jack Wingate Show at ten minutes 'til seven AM. Jack is an old, retired fishing guide on Lake Seminole and is kind of like me, knows a lot and don't mind letting it out. To follow the beam, you are supposed to hunt the position of the antenna that makes the signal the weakest ("null"), and I did that every now and then just to check my compass course but usually, if the station is a good one, I let it play and listen. I have spent many a tranquil night in the wheelhouse of a tug all by myself listening to such a variety of songs as would boggle the mind.

One of my favorites is, "The World is a Bad Place... A Sad Place... A Terrible Place To Live... But I Don't Want To Die." One time, coming back from the Bahamas (which you don't need any navigation aid but common sense to do that) in my old, raggedy sailboat, I listened all night long to the G. Gordon Liddy talk show. What a jerk. Just shows to go you what a little fame can do to a man. I am going to start being careful.

I have to let you in on something. Now, I don't use anything to navigate with but a compass. Of course I don't make too many trans-oceanic voyages. I know that it is interesting to know how far you have gone and what your ETA and CMG is and all, but really, if you eyeball what is happening to you and adjust to suit, you will get somewhere after a while. The boats I cross the big water with now are

easy money compared to a tow of barges behind a tug which sometimes sits for days and hammers on the same piece of water and drifts no-telling-where during a mean norther.

All the seagoing tugs I have been on always navigate with nothing but a compass, and radar which, in my opinion, is the best navigation instrument ever put on a boat. Of course, the little Frisbee-style Furuno up on the twitching mast of a sailboat or 15' off the water on the flying bridge of the sport's fisherman ain't actually all that useful compared to that 5' wide sweeping antenna of the big old vacuum-tube Raytheon that will make the hair stand up on your head when you are up on top of the wheelhouse changing light bulbs.

The tugs that cross the Gulf of Mexico from the refineries in Texas and the Delta to feed the insatiable gas appetite of the peninsula of Florida all steer by the compass and try to keep track of what is happening and adjust the course until they see what they are looking for on the radar. After about 10,000 trips it sort of comes natural. Of course, when you are pulling 100,000 barrels of diesel fuel and have enough water to keep the salt rinsed off the boat, a dedicated cook, and plenty of porno magazines, a little extra time wandering around en route ain't all that significant.

I wonder about these Liberian and Panamanian super tankers. I bet anything that, when they clear the Cape of Good Hope, they set the auto pilot on about 3200 and go down to the rec room and look at the naked ladies for a couple of weeks until it is time to come up and check on the radar for the Gulf of Mexico. Probably get crossed up all the time too.

"That don't look like Cuba to me," the first mate might say to the second mate. "You ever been to New Jersey?"

"Naw, better go try to sober up Captain Hazelwood."

I always took my RDF to sea, if for nothing else, just for the company.

It is not in my nature to brag too much, but I must have done a pretty good soldering job way back in 1960 because I still have the old Heathkit RDF. I keep it over at the coast house all the time now, and Jane and I make a ritual of listening to the Prairie Home Companion every Saturday night (have to keep re-tuning FM stations, AFC, automatic frequency control, hadn't been invented when that thing was made). Boy, that's living large ain't it? The old radio still plays and will point out just where what you are listening to (if it is AM) is coming from, too. I even try to tune up the little dit-dit-daaa-daaa-daaa Morse code from almost extinct radio beacons every now and then just for old-times sake, but WWL in New Orleans has gone to hell in a hand basket.

The other day, we were wheeling down to the coast in my old Mercedes with the skiff coming along behind when we passed a Yard Sale sign at one of the retirement communities along the way. One time, at one of those things, I bought an electric fired, hot water heater element style, cast iron, water radiator that has been most satisfactory as the only heat at all in the bedroom of our otherwise unheatable coast house, so I keep my eyes open because we have two bedrooms. Guess what, I found an antique, complete, obsolete Heathkit radio direction finder just like mine, unassembled, "new in the box." Dang. I walked off and left it. I already got me a good working RDF.

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Songo Locks

There are no particular pitfalls in negotiating a set of locks on a small freshwater river, the Songo, leading from Brandy Pond to Sebago Lake. You simply enter when the gate opens, tie up to the fixture provided, and adjust your lines for water depth.

No great problem, or is there maybe something you've overlooked? A 24' mast must be a rarity for this spot. The lock tender is a friendly old man with several days' growth of whiskers. He also runs a soft drink stand across the lock from his house. He cheerfully relieves you of a dollar every time you pass him, really a bargain. Being an enterprising Mainer, he augments his income selling Cokes, chips, etc. from a small shack. Electric current is supplied by an overhead frayed wire crossing above the lock. All strictly illegal, we believe.

We passed jauntily through the small drawbridge and entered the lock under out-board power. We pay our dollar, give our name and homeport, and settle down to wait. The water level drops about 7'. Seven feet is not nearly enough, but we don't know that yet. The gates open and we start the motor. That is all we do, for we come to a sudden halt. The old man of the lock is jumping up and down, waving his arms, and shouting expletives.

We look up to see our mast pushing his wire with the rotten insulation into a "V" like a bowstring. It is our turn to hurl imprecations and maledictions. Sparks are flying. We should be well grounded by the mast and four wire stays. The possibility of electrocution is becoming a likelihood.

For once the skipper does something right. Quick, lean to starboard everyone! The mast tilts enough to pass under. As we head downstream, we hear something which sounds like "!!\$#?&! sailboat people 'orter know better."

On the return trip some weeks later, we were mentally prepared for the lock. This time the mate walked along the concrete wall pulling the boat to a good angle of heel with the halyard. Much better than electrocution.

Barnswallow

The boat described here was named for good reason. While it was still a vague shape in my mind and a pile of lumber on the barn floor, it was at the mercy of those little birds called barn swallows, hundreds of them.

During the very lengthy construction process, the birds dumped their loads from the nests overhead. The droppings were splattered liberally over every plank and structural member.

Over a period of work at irregular intervals, the stem and transom, together with side frames and bottom planking, were glued and fastened together. Many pounds of galvanized screws were used. Bottom planking was 1" thick white pine. Stem and frames were ash. Don't ever try to put screws into ash without pre-drilling. This fine-grained wood is very tough and guaranteed to dull your hand and power tools.

Finally, she was rolled right-side-up and side planking was begun. The garboard was 6" pine with one butt joint on either side. For the remainder of the side planks, I used 1" x 7/8" strips, edge-nailed and glued. This was very strong, but very slow, work. It seemed to take forever to build up to 30" height. Chines were 1" x 4" fir.

Waterlogged

Part 3

By Harold Taylor

Boat's statistics below:

LOA	21'3"
LWL	20'8"
Draft	4"
Draft with leeboards down	22"
Beam amidships	8' at deck
Beam at chine	6'6"

Then work came to a halt for a long time, years in fact. We moved from Bridgton, Maine, to Augusta, the state capitol. The half-completed hull made the trip on a borrowed trailer and spent the next 10 or 11 years taking up space in the garage. During these years, the builder and his family enjoyed ownership of an old 18' True Rocket sloop and a 22' ketch-rigged catboat.

Finally, with sons grown and away from home, the old Cape Codder was sold. Boatless now for about two years, I finally took another look at the incomplete sharpie. She began to grow rapidly.

When the last pine strip had been edge-nailed, I gave attention to the interior. The rear section formed a roomy cockpit 7' long. I installed wide comfortable pine bench seats on the sides and ahead of the transom. The cockpit was separated from the forward section by semi-bulkheads. Above this forward section, I made 10" wide side decks with 4" coamings. The foredeck measures 5.5' with a square ac-

cess hatch in the middle. This gives good storage space for ground tackle, shelves, and bins, etc.

The mast is a 24' spruce pole cut on a friend's woodlot. The 14' boom came used from another acquaintance. I used sail track from a long gone daysailer. Hardware came from local merchants, much cheaper than yacht hardware. Spreaders are small diameter copper pipe. Stays are adapted from the old daysailer, with used bronze turnbuckles.

Sails were an old suit donated by a son. These had been retired for some time, but were quite serviceable with a little professional re-cutting.

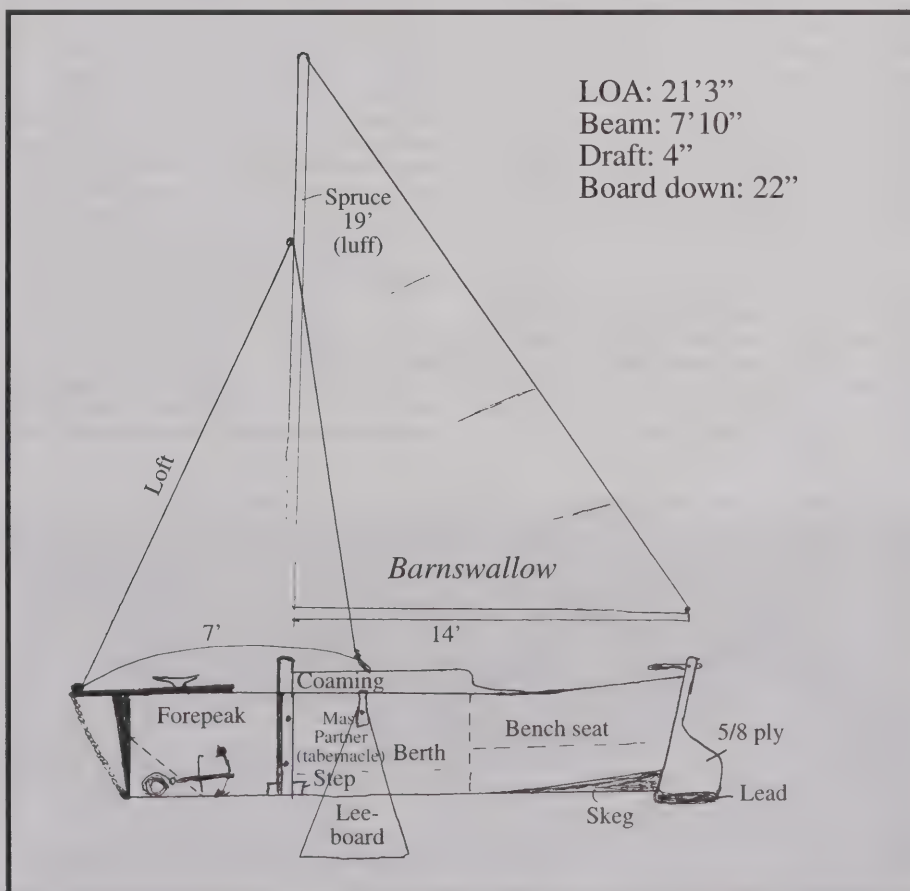
I cut the rudder from 5/8" plywood. To prevent it from floating up and out of the gudgeons, I used a few pounds of lead bent around the lower edge. Leeboards were also made from plywood and similarly lead-weighted. They pivoted just below deck level and were held close to the hull at the bottom by racks made of metal straps at chine level. Incidentally, leeboards are fully as efficient as centerboards, but are not aesthetically pleasing.

Oarlocks are mounted on blocks at the forward end of the cockpit, and a pair of 8' oars comes in handy. Also, a wooden motor bracket is on the port side of the transom.

By some standards, *Barnswallow* is crude, but we may apply the old adage, "handsome is as handsome does." Building cost was low. She's simple, practical, stable, and will float in 4" of water, or a bit over 20" with boards all the way down.

With a motor and/or sails, this is a good utility and load carrier. Performance under sail is good with just a mains'l. When a jib is added, she really steps out.

(To Be Continued)



LOA: 21'3"
Beam: 7'10"
Draft: 4"
Board down: 22"



On Buzzards Bay, Grendel rev. 03, final modifications 1995.

It's hard to remember a time when I wasn't thinking about, drawing, or just messing around with boats. My earliest recollections are of the times as a young boy in Los Angeles when I lay sprawled in front of the fireplace looking at the pictures in my father's yachting magazines. These images were amplified by looking at the beautiful islands of the South Pacific as shown in the National Geographic magazine.

During this period my father was in the process of retiring his dream of building a small sailing yawl like *Islander*. *Islander's* skipper, Harry Pidgeon, was my Dad's hero who he met after his return from *Islander's* epic circumnavigation. Dad had cut and fabricated all of the frames, keel, and deadwood of heavy Honduran mahogany for his version of *Islander*. These were stacked in a back corner of our large garage. Occasionally, on a weekend I would find him standing in the garage with a sad expression looking at his dust-covered dream.

He finally sold those pieces of mahogany and built a small trailerable speedboat for the local lakes. This was a 16' plywood hull model with double cockpits and mahogany planked decks. I was always around observing, fetching, and carrying. Although he wouldn't let me touch any of his tools, it's amazing how much I learned from just watching and per-

Gary, Ann, and Grendel

By Gary Vaughn

forming the tasks that he assigned such as wiping up glue runs and block sanding. Coincidentally, during this same period of time, almost a continent away a little girl with her own tool apron was helping her father build a small daysailer in the backyard of their home in South Boston, Massachusetts. Many years later this little girl and I were married and started our family in Biloxi, Mississippi.

I am not now, nor ever will be the craftsman that my Dad was. His woodwork and joints were beautiful and showed a lifetime spent in his trade of cabinetmaking. Although not at his level of ability, I learned that if there was a good book on a particular project, if I had a set of basic tools, and was willing to accept my mistakes and learn from them that I could build anything, given enough time.

In those pre-fiberglass production days it never occurred to me that one could buy or have built a boat to order. To own a boat was to build a boat. For people of our means there was no other way. Later, when I could afford to buy a boat, this "build" idea stayed with me

through all my trips to boat shows and dealers. A boat would never really be mine unless I was the one that built her. This meant a boat of 30' or less, because for me a boat over 30' is a big boat, and big boats are great as long as they belong to someone else. The amount of work it takes to build, handle, and maintain a boat starts to outweigh the fun derived from it, if it's over 30'.

In the fall of 1977 both our boys, Derrick and Kevin, were in college and the nest was empty. A perfect time to turn the house into a boat shop. I was then working at a power plant on Cape Cod and we were living in a company house. These houses, near the plant, were scheduled to be razed and were let to employees during the interim.

Our original idea for a design was that of a coastal cruiser with a very shallow draft, a 30' cat-ketch sharpie. We wanted it to be beachable and yet capable of crossing the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas. I have studied many books on yacht design and construction and had also rebuilt two boats, a 14' cat-boat and a 22' hardchined ketch, therefore, I reasoned, I should be able to design our own boat. I drew up plans for this 30' shallow v-bottom sharpie to be constructed of marine plywood on oak frames. When I finished lofting and before the purchase of any stock, I became cautious and decided that maybe I didn't know enough about boat design.

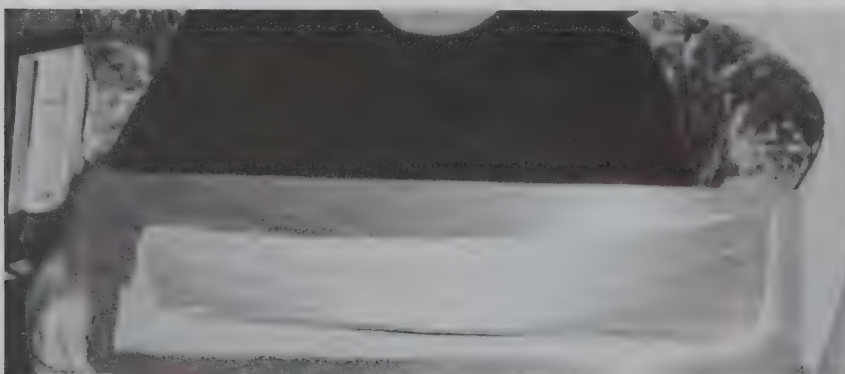
This hesitation led us to a meeting with Phil Bolger of Gloucester, Massachusetts, a designer who has developed many shoal draft yachts. The plans we purchased from Phil were for a 27' shoal draft cat-yawl based on the English Thames River sailing barges. I was very taken with the clean functionality of this design, no engine, long shallow keel, and an open feeling, low flush deck cabin. During the lofting I became concerned about the very hard bends in the chines. This hull bottom was almost dead flat amidships. Again my inexperience was causing concern. In an attempt to overcome this difficulty, I lofted the design a second time at 1/8-scale and built a construction model.

Building a model first is a good idea, especially for us amateurs. A construction half-hull model, built to scale, will experience all the difficulties of the real job on a smaller scale. I built this one using 1/8" balsa sheets and strips to represent 1" plywood and 1"x1" strip planking. I knew enough to use the bilge diagonal for a temporary master strip and create a tapered wide plank at the shear to compensate for the change in girth between amidships, bow and stern. However, when I started planking past the bilge area onto the increasingly flat bottom, I had major problems. The strips had to twist almost 90 degrees going from the flat bottom to the vertical stem.

Rather than try and solve the problem on the full size boat, I opted for a different design with an easier construction method. Now, years later and more experienced, I would enjoy building that Bolger design. Unfortunately the plans were misplaced during one of our many moves.

While reading through my stack of yachting magazines I came across an article by John Letcher, a young mathematician and yacht designer who, with his wife Patti, had designed and built a 25' double-ended cutter with twin keels. This was the fiberglass/wood composite boat *Aluetka* that they sailed from California to Hawaii, Alaska, Mexico, and Maine.

Bolger barge yacht half-hull model.



The boat was the right size and Ann liked the idea of the twin keels. With these keels we could sail the boat up on the beach and not worry about falling over while we cleaned the bottom. We decided that this design could be modified to fit our needs and desires.

John had developed a very unique approach to hull construction that he called the "Batten-Mold" system. In this system the 1/2" plywood molds are also the bulkheads and frames which are covered with 1/4"x2" lath battens running lengthwise. These laths are not spiled but allowed to have gaps of up to 1" at the greatest girth area amidships. This lattice is then covered with multiple layers of Fiberglass Reinforced Plastic (FRP) which would require about 150 manhours of surface finishing. Even with the extra finish work required, this is an extremely fast method of hull construction. The plans package we received was very complete and contained the following:

- Computer faired full size patterns
- Hard dingy plans
- Proven self-steering plans
- 8 blue line prints
- 80 pages of detailed instructions, including sewing the sails and splicing the rigging

We decided, however, not to use John's method and opted instead for a sandwich of FRP, balsa, and Airex above the water line and solid FRP below. This meant that John's bulkheads and battens would become our mold to be discarded later. I was influenced in this decision as a result of assisting another amateur builder, John Hopkins who, along with his wife Joan, was building a Bruce Roberts 40' ketch. John graciously allowed me to work with him to pick up the experience in this medium that I required.

John's hull was a sandwich of Airex and FRP. The Airex provided a relatively smooth surface over the easy curves of his 40' hull enabling an easy application of fiberglass and resin. I felt that this method would lesson the unpleasant task of surface finishing even though it would increase the total manhours dramatically while working on the interior. This construction method was only the beginning of our modifications.

Like most builders we were not completely satisfied that all aspects of the design would fit our desires. As we ventured into this area, we were very cautious and considered the effects that these changes would have on the overall design. For us the most important aspect of our boat is functional beauty. We knew that the designer had spent long hours blending his ideas of beauty, function and strength, if change is made to one item it will have a domino effect on all three.

After listing and agonizing over all the reasons why not, we went ahead and made major design changes to our boat. This was one of several reasons why we spent four years on a two-year project and doubled the cost. This project extension brings on the subject of backyard boat building's greatest problem, time and its allocation. Ann and I both worked full-time and had returned to school to finish our degree programs. Work was our day job and college our night job. Fitting the boat project into this schedule was not really that difficult as the New England weather was too inclement and cold for fiberglassing during the winter months while we were attending night classes. It did, however, have some impact as

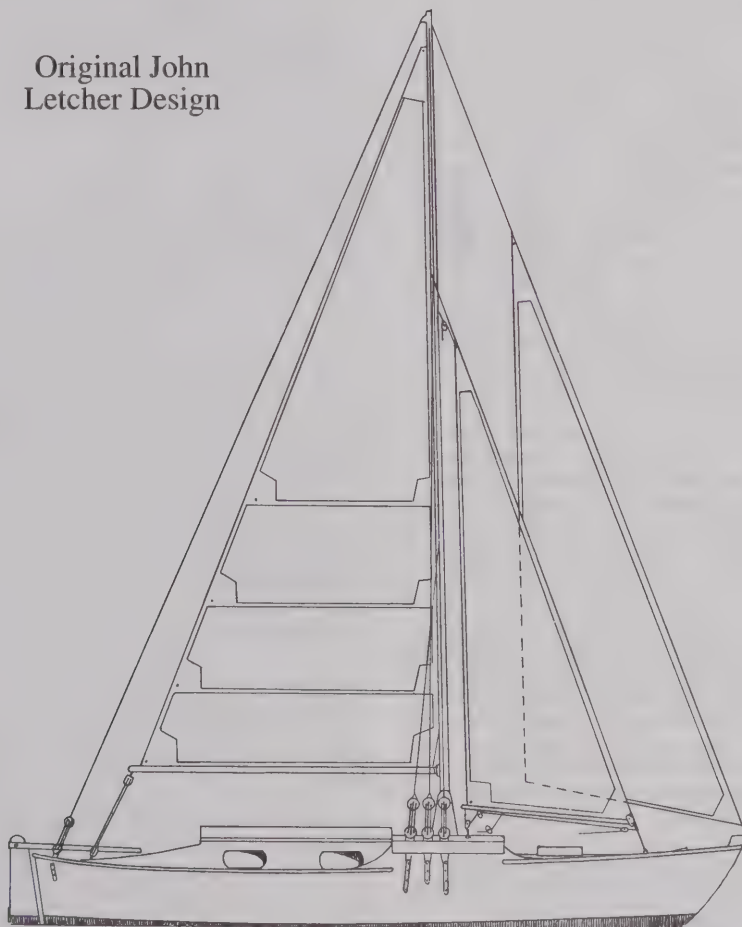
well as interesting anecdotes as we sometimes shared the same instructors that our sons had during the day.

The original design changes that we incorporated were those of *Jester* and other OSTAR vessels. We, or should I say I, wanted an offshore boat with globe girdling capabilities. The sheer line became a straight line from 6" above the horizontal construction base line at the bow to 6" below the base line at the stern. The deck crown became a curve 12" high in 7' of beam. The companionway became a raised blister and the cutter rig was replaced with a Chinese lugsail. These changes necessitated lofting the design of the deck and companionway area to enable the accurate marking of the modifications on John Letcher's full size patterns.

By this time it was late winter and our drafty old cellar was very cold, therefore, the front room, with a fireplace, was turned into a lofting area. All of the furniture was piled into the small dining area and 1/4" cheap luan plywood laid down to protect the floor. The plywood was painted flat white and the sheer area of the design laid down and modified. The full size patterns were traced out and the appropriate changes made. All of the station molds were cut from cheap BC 1/2" plyscore. Impatient curiosity demanded that several stations at a time be erected just to see what it looked like. We received many comments from visitors who were surprised to see a partial boat skeleton in our front room.

(To Be Continued)

Original John Letcher Design



The
Marlinspike Artist

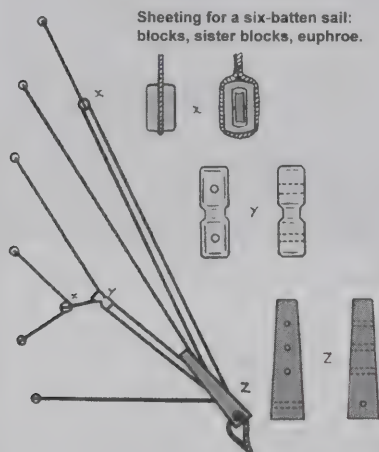
360 Gooseberry Rd.
Wakefield, RI 02879
Tel: (401) 783-5404

Made by hand with traditional fishing net methods and materials. Knotted from cotton seine twine with solid brass or stainless steel rings at ends. 24" and 36" long. \$15.00 and \$20.00. includes shipping and handling.

The Sheets

The sheets of a Chinese sail do two things. They control, as ours do, the angle of the sail to the fore-and-aft line of the vessel. They also control the shape and flow of the sail. The two functions are independent, the second being performed by thinner lines, "sheetlets", running from each of the battens to a euphroe connected to the sheet itself.

The sheetlets are, as far as possible, a continuous line, starting from the top batten. There is no line to the yard and no need for a vang with such an arrangement, as the sheetlets give adequate control up to the top of the sail.

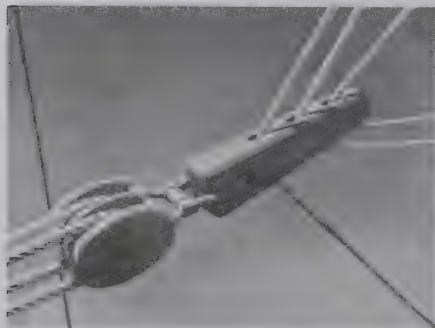


Ordinary wooden block with wood or brass sheave; y = figure-of-eight friction block; z = euphroes.

This arrangement requires a good deal of space so if the sail is to be close-hauled the sheet needs to be led to the windward side. When going about the sheet must be unhitched from the windward side, the sheetlets flicked around the leech as it comes across so that they do not foul the ends of the battens and the sheet hitched up again to the other side.

I had noticed on the foresails of some junks an arrangement of double sheets and sheetlets: one set on each side of the sail so that on either tack the windward set took up the strain. I reproduced this arrangement on all three of my sails, leading the fore and mizzen sheets aft and forward so I could control them from the cockpit. To discourage the sheetlets from fouling the end of the battens I attached them forward of the leech about 15% of the width of the sail. Going about, thereafter, became simply a matter of pushing the helm down.

You can't ask for a clearer photo of a euphroe and the associated sheet block. The sheet block was attached to the sheetlet-euphroes by a wire grommet-strop.



The Chinese Sail

Part 2

By Brian Platt
Copyright © Anthony Platt 2001
Edited by Craig O'Donnell

The purpose in leading the sheetlets to and fro through the euphroe in a continuous line is to make for easy adjustment. A little familiarity with the lead of the sheetlets makes it very simple to adjust the shape of the sail (e.g., to flatten it when sailing to windward). To permit two further adjustments the lower end of the sheetlet is left free, either attached to the appendix batten or knotted to stop it running out through the euphroe. If the sheetlets become too long the sail cannot be fully close-hauled so, by taking in on the lower end of the sheetlet, adjustment can be made for stretch and for the lengthening effect when the sail is reefed.

Comparison with Western Rigs Sailing Qualities

Comparisons are still being made and merits argued between the gaff and Bermudan (to Americans, "Marconi") rigs. The Bermudan is generally accepted as being superior to windward because of its long leading edge, but for cruising the gaff is sometimes preferred on grounds of a shorter mast and better distribution of sail off the wind. Short of conducting a controlled experiment, with an identical hull under identical conditions, it would be difficult to assess how the Chinese sail compares.

I remember once sailing a Dragon to windward in Hong Kong harbor against a light but steady breeze and watching a medium-sized Chinese junk (50' to 60' overall) on the same tack. Lacking a deep keel the junk was making a lot more leeway than I so his actual course was not so close as mine, but he was pointing as close and sailing as fast as I was. In such conditions, and comparing a work boat with one designed and maintained for racing, the comparison seemed to me to speak pretty highly for the junk.

Theoretically I would say that for sailing ability the Chinese sail must fall somewhere between the Bermudan and gaff. Its flatness would tend to make it sail better to windward than the gaff and not so well off the wind. I do not doubt that the long leading edge of the Bermudan sail makes it potentially the best to windward so long as it has been properly made and stretched (a Bermudan sail that has been allowed to get out of shape is not particularly efficient).

Therein lies the rub. The shape of a Bermudan sail has to be built in and its retention requires skilful tailoring and high-quality materials. The shape of the Chinese sail, by contrast, is maintained and controlled by external features in the form of the battens and sheetlets. Anybody who can cut and stitch cloth can make a Chinese sail out of almost any woven material. If one had to make do with poor quality materials and workmanship the most efficient type of fore-and-aft sail that one could make would be the Chinese; which is probably why Slocum chose it when building his *Liberdade*.

Handling Qualities

When sailing conditions are easy the Bermudan rig is probably a little less trouble to handle than the Chinese, though when conditions are easy the handling of the Chinese sail could hardly be described as difficult! By contrast, as conditions cease to be easy the handling of the Chinese sail remains much the same, while Western rigs become more and more burdensome.

This is due to the degree of control given by the battens and sheetlets. A sail presents few handling problems so long as it is kept full, which is why there is a temptation with Western rigs to hold on to sail in a rising wind rather than face the blood and sweat of trying to get it in, particularly when sailing single-handed. So the helmsman continues until something breaks or until the situation becomes so obviously dangerous that he prefers to face the lesser dangers, trying to bring under control a wet and flogging mass of canvas.

With the Chinese rig you carry sail until the last possible minute for a different reason, because you know that you can reduce sail anytime you like, without trouble. The sail will always come down, it cannot flog because the area of unrestrained cloth between the battens is not large enough. For the same reason it does not slat in calms. All it can do is flutter and sway, and reefing is the simplest operation in the world.

The absolute control that you have over a Chinese sail lets you cope equally easily with other situations. You can do anything with it, reef it from the top down or the bottom up, spill the wind with the sheet or the halliard, adjust its shape or its balance, sail under as much or as little of it as you like, or brail it up to see underneath. It is a little more trouble to raise the sail (principally because of the number of ropes to snag) but this is more than compensated by the ease and speed with which it is dropped. The Chinese sail comes down like a pack of cards and is gathered into its buntlines, with no more work after that than pulling it inboard and making it fast.

There is no way of heaving-to a junk, but there are other things that can be done instead. Sail can be reduced progressively until just one corner remains to hold the boat steady against the wind or it can be dropped altogether, the daggerboard and rudder hoisted clear of the water, and a sea anchor thrown over the bows. The fact that the stern is higher than the bow and the low windage of the unstayed or lightly-stayed masts should certainly assist the Chinese sailing boat to lie closer head-to-wind than ours.

A controlled gybe is better executed with a Bermudan than with a Chinese sail because it can be sheeted-in closer. On the other hand, an accidental gybe in a strong wind is liable to do less harm with the Chinese sail than with ours, because the shock is more evenly distributed.

Maintenance

Any sailing ship constantly at sea requires continuous running repairs to its rigging. This is probably more true of the Chinese junk than of our boats: partly because of the large amount of rigging but more because of the poor quality of the materials that are used. The junk is generally a family boat so that there is plenty of crew available for minor repairs. More important is that the materials be cheap and eas-

ily obtainable and repairs easily executed. On these grounds the Chinese sail suits its owner very well.

The materials and workmanship that go into a Chinese sail, if applied to a western rig, would blow to pieces in the first serious wind. The sail cloth is poor quality shirting material, bound together with huge "homeward bound" stitches. The battens are attached to the sail with a few strands of thin wire. There is no reinforcing in the way of the battens and no grommets. The wire is simply pushed through the cloth and round the batten a couple of times. The Chinese operates his boat on a very tight budget but he would use better materials if he thought they were necessary. In fact, the strains on a Chinese sail are so much less, due to the absence of flogging and slatting, that such materials are perfectly adequate. As for the workmanship, the Chinese sees no point in making it out of proportion to the materials.

My problem was slightly different. I was single-handed, I was by no means such a quick and able workman as the Chinese sailor, I was facing a long ocean passage in very rough conditions, and I had more money to spend. It was worth my while to go in for better quality in the hope of reducing maintenance. Some of it was justified. I used Terylene rope for the halliards and nylon for the sheets and sheetlets. I used tough plastic hose for a chafing-strip where the battens rubbed against the mast and made the parrels of wire cable heavily greased and encased in plastic. Other measures proved to be a waste of time and money, but I had by no means reached the limits of experiment and had succeeded in cutting down the running maintenance at sea to almost nil.

I had anticipated a great deal of chafe in the Chinese sail. I found it to be much less than I had expected. Perhaps the worst chafe, and it was not important, was at the point where the after buntline passed round the foot of the sail. Otherwise chafe was only serious when the sail cloth was rubbed, wet, between two hard surfaces. I found that the sails suffered much more when reefed or furled than when extended until I had learned, when shortening sail on the starboard tack, to pull out the folds of cloth from where they might be caught and rubbed between the upper and lower battens or between the battens and the mast.

In my experience of both rigs under cruising conditions I would say that they compare differently from the point of view of maintenance, but by no means to the disadvantage of the Chinese. The Chinese sail is more liable to suffer small chafe spots and they are much more difficult to repair at sea because the sail is so much more permanently rigged. There would be so much work in disconnecting all the battens and lines in order to get the sail comfortably stretched across one's knees out of the wind that it is easier, if the sail must be patched, to try to cope with it fully rigged.

What is lost on the roundabouts, however, is more than recovered on the swings. Because it does not flog the sail is less likely to tear, and if it does tear or chafe the hole will show very little inclination to spread, so that it can quite safely be left until the next calm or landfall gives leisure to deal with it. A broken batten must be repaired without too much delay; but so long as the battens remain intact the sail can be full of holes and yet retain a great deal of its efficiency. Further, although the patches may be more difficult to apply,

even on dry land, they do not need to be applied nearly so well. Having learned my sail repairs on the Bermudan rig I could not bring myself to use homeward-bound stitches, but at the end I was experimenting with canvas cement, sticking on my patches, and the method gave every promise of working extremely well. Any tendency of the edge to lift might be checked with light stitching or staples.

At this point I can see the armchair yachtsmen, if they have followed me so far, rising from their seats in horror. Canvas cement! Staples! For my part I do not always equate what is seamanlike with what is old-womanish. Invisible mending is fine for those who like luxuries and can afford the time and money but in a sailing boat at sea the important thing is to keep sailing. I would not, however, advise anybody to try that technique on a western rig. The cement and staples will probably hold but they create an area of lesser flexibility, so that when the sail flogs it is likely to rip around the edges of the patch.

Finally, it is worth pointing out that there is no welded or wrought or cast or machined metal work in the Chinese rig, or none that cannot be replaced with a rope or wire, so there is no repair that cannot be executed at sea. Only simple tools need be carried, and an ample supply of bamboo and baling wire in addition to the cordage and sail cloth and twine that are carried as normal spares.

Conclusion

It is difficult to make any sense out of the contempt with which the Chinese sailing boat is generally regarded in the West. This contempt stems from ignorance, but the ignorance itself, I think, has its roots in three main causes. The first is the almost unbelievable indifference displayed by most Europeans and Americans in the Far East to the races that live around them. Amazing the prevalence of misconceptions and the lack of any attempt or desire to find out the truth, the failure even to learn the language. If those living near China cannot be bothered even to explore Chinese cooking (the average white man in Hong Kong is acquainted with perhaps a dozen dishes out of the hundreds that exist) why should they be bothered to learn about Chinese sailing boats?

The second factor is that even in Hong Kong there are many, many varieties of Chinese sailing boat, each adapted to a different purpose. The average Westerner does not see much of the ocean-going varieties. The type mostly seen around Hong Kong harbor is the harbor lighter, a great high-walled craft with a single mast and huge tattered sails, which is built for load carrying rather than for sailing. The sail is only an auxiliary for use with a fair wind, otherwise the vessel is towed by tug or propelled by sweeps. Anybody seeing those boats, and assuming them to be representative of the Chinese junk, would naturally conclude that the type had not very good sailing qualities!

Finally, it should be pointed out that the Chinese is not interested in the same things as we are. We, admiring their ornaments, laugh at the superstitions on which they are based. The Chinese, admiring the finish and materials that go into our boats and the care with which they are maintained, probably laugh just as much at the idea of lavishing so much sentimentality on an inanimate object. If the external appearance of a boat or vehicle or build-

ing is shoddy and neglected it creates an impression of a general unsoundness that may be quite untrue, just as a coat of paint can make something appear solid which is actually on the point of falling to pieces!

Bearing in mind the very small margins on which they work, I think the Chinese are inclined to neglect maintenance beyond the point that is efficient or economic, but in this context I am concerned not with the fact but with the appearance of inefficiency, which can be deceptive. The same lack of spit and polish and the preconception that oriental dispositions are necessarily inefficient, led experienced military observers before the war to underrate the Japanese!

Comparing my experience aboard *Chempaka* (a Bermuda rigged cutter on which I sailed from Singapore to Manila) with that aboard *High Tea*, I do not doubt that *High Tea* was the better rig. During equally squally weather in the South China Sea, the handling of *Chempaka's* sails became a real burden and progress was almost nil. Further, when repairs when necessary, there was almost nowhere I could find the proper quality of materials and workmanship to repair a Bermuda rig, whereas adequate quality for the Chinese rig could have been found in any large village. I do not know how *Chempaka's* rig would have stood up to the almost continuous winter gales of the North Pacific, and frankly I would not like to try, though I would not mind making the same journey again on a junk.

There is no such thing as an ideal sail for all conditions, and I doubt whether there ever will be. Among most yachtsmen the Bermuda rig has become generally accepted, and with good reason, because of its windward ability and its relative simplicity and lack of chafe. It is a good sail for easy conditions, which are the conditions under which most yachtsmen do their sailing. However, for all round cruising ability in difficult or unfamiliar conditions I think the Chinese sail is unbeatable.

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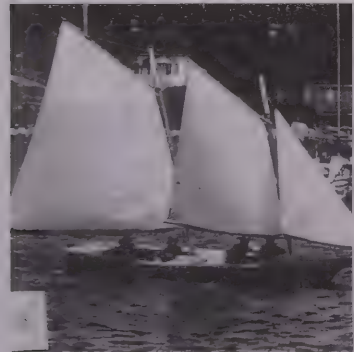
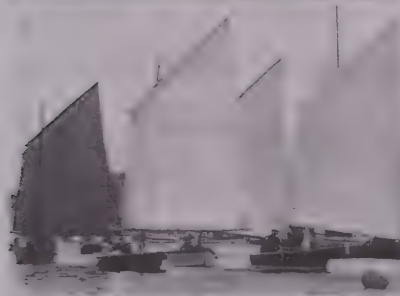
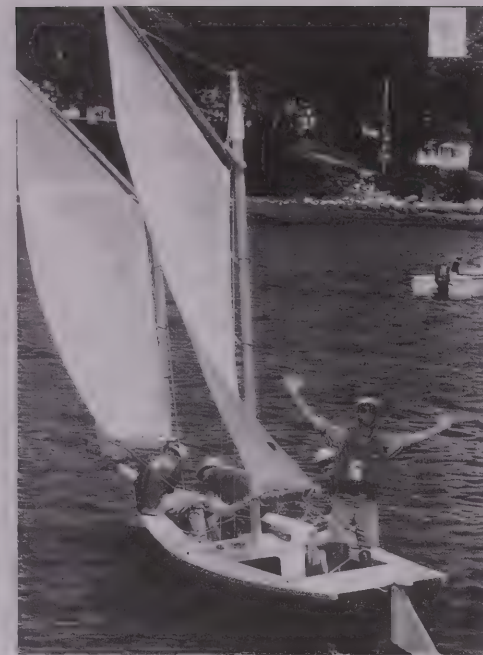
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Mahone Bay 2001

By Ryerson Clark

For our members who attended, stayed a few days to kayak, sail and race, it was good to see you again. The event was much the same as in past years, the wharf displays were interesting but for SWBANS members the real fun was on the water.

Many people came to kayak around the fleet or to the outer islands. Others came to sail, but most came to race or heckle the Light Schooners and Windsprints. The conditions were very good most days with only a few gusty races. There were nine heats in total with the winners picking their best five finishes for final standing. It is interesting to note that many of our members/racers came from places like California, the New England States, New York and Virginia as well as Ontario and much of Nova Scotia. This is their big event and a chance to meet other SWBANS members. And the winners are (drum roll):

Light Schooner 1st was Paul Middleton and crew aboard *Miscreant*, 2nd Jocelyn Cushman's *Happiness* skippered by Greg Little, 3rd was *Spirit of Mahone* skippered by Larry Brown.

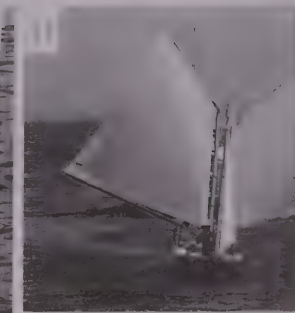
Windsprints 1st was Stan Blake aboard *Flounder*, 2nd Don Ives in *Fluke* and 3rd Howard and Donna Ray in *Blue Magic*.

Next year the schooners will be back. We had changed their course part way through the event to make it safer for them (out of the crowded mooring field) and this was found by all concemed to be better. Less headaches for the organizers and more clear, open water for these bigger boats to really run in. The Windsprints will see their number increase by as many as three boats.

Another year is done. Winter will pass fast and before you know it we'll be at it again on beautiful Mahone Bay. Build a racing boat and see what you are missing. These fun races are open to all small Bolger type boats. Interested readers may contact me, Ryerson Clark, Small Wooden Boat Association of Nova Scotia, P.O. Box 1193, Dartmouth, NS B2Y 4B8, Canada.

Captions

- 1) Three Schooners, foreground to back, are *Miscreant*, *Spirit of Mahone* and *Happiness*
- 2) "Look Ma, no hands," Greg Little and the *Happiness* crew start a stylish tack.
- 3) Four Windsprints run for the yellow "Pub" buoy.
- 4) Three Schooners duelling for starting position.
- 5) Schooner *Miscreant* skippered by Paul Middleton of Virginia.
- 6) Schooner *Spirit of Mahone* skippered by Larry Brown of Long Island, NY.
- 7) Windsprints, *Fluke* in front skippered by Don Ives of Heckmans Island NS and *Blue Magic* skippered by Howard Ray of Stonehurst NS race to the finish line.
- 10) Future Windsprint racer Ken Lamb from Sackville, NS sails by in his ThomKat, *Chelsea Victoria*.
- 11) Schooner *Happiness* skippered by Greg Little from Mahone Bay runs goose winged toward the line.
- 12) A gaggle of sail. In front is the *Gypsy Raggle Taggle* skippered by Lois and Jack Bearden from Wolfville NS.
- 13) *Nomad From Hell* skippered by Kevin West from Falmouth, NS flies by.
- 14) First place Windsprint racer Stan Blake and *Flounder* from Maine (or was that founder?) take a swim during a race.
- 15) Three Windsprints start around the "Pub" bouy, *Blue Magic*, *Flounder* and *Nomad From Hell*.



Well, I did it. I, who believe in surfing the BACK of the wave, bought a Garmin GPS76 out of the first batch that appeared at my local "Boats-R-Us." And I hadn't even driven over my elderly GPS38 with a truck either, I just wanted to see how the other half lived.

My verdict? The other half must have good eyes, but they sure do know where they are. The '76 is perhaps twice as complex as the '38, but this complexity is managed well in general. The primary cost is a few more layers to navigate through. It should be remembered that I haven't been keeping up with every incremental Garmin model, I can't compare this to anything other than my sort-of-trusty GPS38.

First Touch

Just out of the box the GPS76 may remind old-timers of the early units, with a white body. This time, however, there are no fiddly (breakable, watertight), movable antennas. The actual screen isn't any larger than the 48s or 12s, but it is housed in a case that's a good 1/2" wider. It feels much more substantial. At the same time, it's lighter, at 7.6 ounces. It uses two, not four AA cells and claims to last 16 hours on them. The button arrangement seems close to the G-III in portrait mode. The central "rocker" pad could use a little more tactile feedback, but otherwise the ergonomics will be pretty familiar to any previous Garmin user. The unit's tendency to beep for each key press is unsettling, but that can be adjusted.

The GPS76 comes with a slim, spiral-bound, glossy manual, a waterproof Quick Reference Sheet, a wrist lanyard, and (surprise!) a data cable that would have been charged for on other units.

As I walked out of "Boats-R-US," I was urgently fiddling with the packaging. Before my wife had pulled out of the parking lot, I'd robbed the old '38 of half its batteries and had reached the lawyer's disclaimer screen (you have to press *Page* to get it to go away). And by the time we were on the main street it had acquired its position. YIKES! For those who came in late, the '38 often took a good 15 minutes to decide that it knew where it was.

Graphics

As the first nav screen came up, I had my first negative feeling. The view was a massed tangle of black, with occasional letters visible. I realized that what I was seeing

New Toy

By Mark Fisher



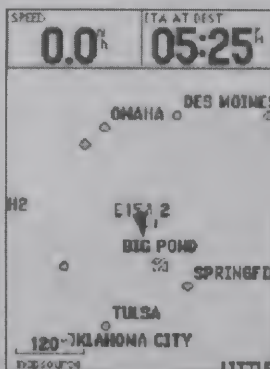
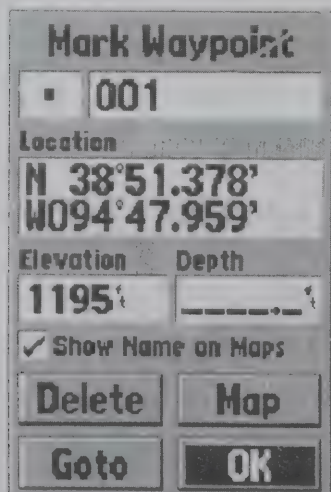
was North America as outlined by marine nav aids. I tried the clearly labeled *Zoom* keys, and after a few presses (press and hold will continue zooming) I began to see the north-south axis of the Chesapeake, with arms reaching out to the west for the Potomac and Patapsco, all outlined in nav aid icons. A few more presses and I saw the buoys in the Severn. Now, I wasn't seeing the boundaries of the water, or the names, or even the numbers of the buoys. All that is provided is the light or visual characteristics of the aid. Thus, it's "R 4.5S" not "R44." Pressing and holding the *Enter/Mark* button sets a waypoint at the current position.

Unlike the '38, I wasn't able to directly specify a nav aid's position by reference to range and bearing from another point (but there is a workaround for this). A new feature for me was the choice of icon (the box beside the name field). Oddly for a marine unit, the icon choices are 95% land-based: "Airport, Amusement Park, Anchor, Ball Park, Bank, Bar (with a beer stein, not a strip of sand, come to think of it, that IS pretty nautical), Truck Stop, Tunnel, Ultralight Area, Waypoint, and Zoo."

Nav Aid isn't in the list, though you CAN horse it into showing one. Another quibble that shows up at this point is that the screens were clearly designed on a workstation. While the icons are the size of the letter "o," they include amazing detail, the beer stein has froth at the top! This fondness for the tiny shows up many times. It may have looked cute on that workstation, but in sun-bleached shades of gray it's often just plain unrecognizable.

Waypoints

To set a waypoint, you may merely type in the coordinates, as always, or you may use the *Map* button to return to the local area. Once there, pressing the *Enter* button puts you into



Move mode and you can slew around, zooming in and out as needed, to place the waypoint where you want. Pressing *Enter* again sets it. "So," you say, "I want to go to THAT red nun." Easy. Put the cursor on the nun in question and press *Enter*. You get an information screen that includes a *Go To* button. Rocker over to it and press *Enter* and you're navigating.

"But I wanted to use the point as a waypoint, so I could include it in a route!" At that same information screen, press *Menu*. You'll see yet another sub menu with one entry *Use as Waypoint*. Select that and the point will be copied to your waypoint file; it can be renamed and treated as any waypoint, but it will have inherited the graphic from the nav aid.

This brings up another aspect of the need to manage the increased complexity. Note the data fields above the map. Don't see what you like? Press the *Menu* | *Change Data Fields*. You now have a choice among 27 computed variables that the '76 keeps running track of. Don't like the number of fields you can see at once? Try *Setup Page Layout* to change from many tiny data fields to a single, LARGE one. Get lost among the choices and screens? Join the club. It'll get better with practice and familiarity.

Usage

In action, the '76 is very little different than the '38. The 12-channel design, and perhaps more efficient antenna, allows much more reliable operation under tree cover, but I seldom sail *Sanderling* under trees. On *Sanderling*, the GPS is often about 4' from the helmsman. At that range, only the compass dial and the medium or large data fields could be seen. The four-gray-tone screen contributed to this, as many features were submerged in gray-on-gray squiggles, again, things that looked great on a workstation, inside, in color. I found the data screen info confusing, I accidentally set two of the windows to the same data item and couldn't figure out why they were reading the same! While I often used the map page on the '38, I found myself using the compass pointer page more on the '76. Getting the function I need involves perhaps 30% more key presses, though, since the program sequence has been well-designed, this generally amounts to having to press *Quit* three times instead of once.

Power Management

The unit has a couple of intelligent power management features that bear mentioning. Perhaps because of the early incautious "Just push the button for home..." ad showing a happy sunburned family in a runabout on full plane with the sun setting and no land in sight, there are several battery-saving features. As with the '38, it is possible to select a battery saver mode. If you are "sipping from the mains" and your power cord comes out, the unit beeps and you must press a button to acknowledge that you know you're on battery power within 30 seconds or the unit turns itself off.

This one got me on my first trip out. The cord popped out and the unit shut itself off. I then noticed that the unit was off and turned it on again. I then ran the elderly batteries I'd been using flat, only to be alerted that battery power was running low. The night lighting is also sensitive to whether you are on batteries or not. On batteries, once "armed," the default

is 15 seconds on, while on ship's power the default is always on.

Data Backup

The backup facilities of the GPS76 are unknown. I used GARtrip to download the waypoints from my GPS38, massaged the names a little (it sure is easier with a keyboard), and successfully uploaded both waypoints and routes to the GPS76 using the Garmin protocol. Then, to test it, I deleted the waypoints in the computer program (after saving them to a file) and tried to download them FROM the '76. No joy, just scrambled characters for names. Unit ID comes through fine, as does system time, and NEMA strings when I set that up. I thus assume that the actual serial connection is pretty good, but that there's some twist in the current Garmin protocol.

The manual says, "You can download a copy of Garmin's proprietary communication protocol on the Help and Support Section of our website at www.garmin.com," but I haven't been able to find such a program. I'm not sure, in fact, whether it is a data transmission program or a description of the protocol itself. Still checking, this may be a part of living on the bleeding edge.

I found a GPS data handling program, GPS Utility, that CAN handle the Garmin's new protocol. It is shareware, you can try it out for free, but you must pay for full functionality. It is available from <http://www.gpsu.co.uk>.

Garmin has been steadily revising the software, and upgrading the software is a fairly simple process. Features have been added and bugs squashed. The most recent version is 2.04. You must back up your existing waypoints, as a program upgrade will delete

the existing waypoints.

Conclusion

Would I buy it again? Well, yes. One of the "gee whiz" features is actually pretty handy, a tide calculator! By judicious use of the Menu key, you can get it to give you the current state of the tides for the nearest datum point to your present position (Menu | Menu Celestial | Enter Tides | Enter | Menu | Nearest Tide Station | Enter, also undocumented in the text, but illustrated). Accuracy, thanks to WAAS, is astounding. This will be helpful in gunkholing, when I find that passage into Tim's Creek, I can mark it and return within 10' the next time.

Altitude, which had been a joke in the '38 (often telling me that *Sanderling* was traveling below periscope depth!) was consistently within 2', perhaps closer, come to think of it, I was getting readings of 1.2' while the nav station is about 3.5' above the water. As I think back, I was looking while there was a goodly minus tide.

The undocumented features are unsettling. They appear to be the result of an effort to make the manual smaller and less technical. Unfortunately there's no better reference available, other than the Garmin support personnel. In my case, they (he?) were (was?) prompt, accurate, and cheerful. This may change when the '76 becomes a best seller. Garmin does not support a dedicated discussion board for their users or dedicated FAQ's for each device.

A full list of the screens and menus is available at: <http://communities.msn.com/MarkFisher> in the file section named "New Toy."

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form enables taking a quick dip and provides an easy climb back aboard. This swim platform and the equipment capacity also make it suitable as a scuba diving boat.

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Building a Boat?



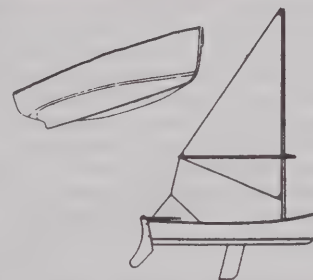
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tems are combined with twin spade type rudders.

The history behind these pedal powered boats dates back to the early 1980s, when yacht designer, Garry Hoyt designed the first performance water cycle boats, the "floating egg" Waterbug, and its sleek sibling, the Mallard. They had an unfortunately short production life, apparently they were designs ahead of their time.

In 1994, we obtained manufacturing rights to the Mallard. We renamed it Escapade, converted construction from fiberglass to rotational molding which offers many advantages such as impact resistance, durability, molded-in color, and cost efficient production.

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"Citizen Q" wrote us about rather serious mountain-man exercises in the Coastal Mountains of British Columbia. Over several exchanges we got the picture. He was not talking full-time, but with enough ambition to warrant solid expenses in boats and other vehicles to get as high up and far away on rocky, shallow, and at time very treacherous rivers and de facto streams. Between earning money to finance these expeditions, he'd been doing this long enough to have a good sense what he wanted to take up the mountain with his small block Chevy-cum-Kodiak jet-drive-train sitting in his shop.

First and last, he wanted to haul four to five men with full hunting gear plus tools, tents, barrels of additional gasoline to set up various stashes along the run, plus who knows what all, totaling over 2600 pounds in all to be planed up what amounts to an exciting mix

Bolger on Design

Mountain Boat "Wolfpack 24"

Preliminary Study

23' 11" x 8' 3" x 9" x 4900 lbs.

of at least initial calm flatwater stretches interspersed and eventually dominated by at least mild whitewater territory. Downhill, depleted supplies and burnt/stashed fuel would be expected to be replaced by at times overloads of whole deer, caribou, etc. His drive train is apparently standard in his neck of the woods and

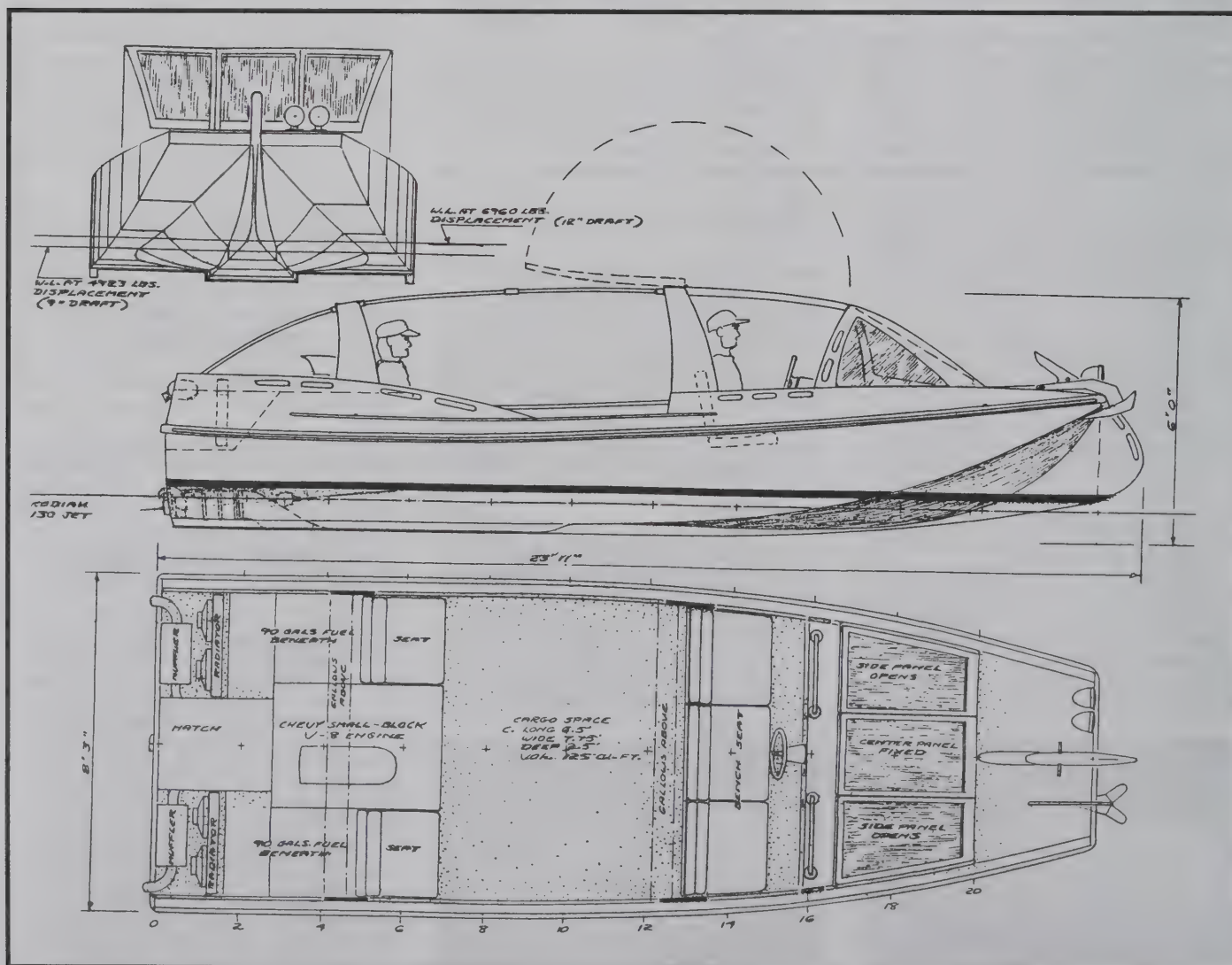
all he needed was a better' hull than he'd seen, used, and literally destroyed between rocks and sweepers/low clearance trees waiting around the bend to part your hair.

"Q" described a current fleet of composite and aluminum deep-vee boats with serious power in smallish hulls, heavily laden for the outing, with considerable draft and apparently steering/sliding/power drifting as much by throttle and luck than precise rudder/nozzle control, always at serious risk of hard contact in rock gardens due to the speed necessary to keep that weight on the plane against fast currents.

Having never even thought about what he was talking about until his letters, we nevertheless thought we could help him...

Requirements for the Job

Let's sum up what we think are para-



mount capabilities for your unusual boating scenario: earlier planing action; and thus lower minimum planing speed for lower stress, lower minimum cruising speeds with which to tackle those fearsome rock gardens; while high top end per se (apart from bloodshot eyes, speed demon, whiz-past-them- boulders mania) is less of a concern, assuming your boat won't be stuck together with sponsors decals. Reliable lower speed behavior should yield greater control not to hit things when the water gets tight.

Therefore, overriding any other concerns of convention/prejudice, which have produced boats with the problems you and your friends are suffering, we have to concentrate on the minimization of waterplane loading; i.e., have more bottom area per given weight and the reduction in draft by hull shape choice and construction method.

Basic Principles to Build "The Right Tool"

We achieve this by: using advanced light and stiff plywood construction to bring her hull weight all up dry in the 2000-2200 lb. range; having a wider footprint per given weight; i.e., 8' beam x 23+' length; which in turn results in less draft per given weight; which in conjunction with her advanced zero deadrise hull, produces a hull configuration that displaces approximately 4900 lbs. on 9" draft (near 7000 lbs. on logy 12").

Subtracting the 2200 lbs. of hull weight you are left with 2700 lbs. of payload, matching your 2650 lbs. This approach brings her draft down to the lowest minimum possible in a fast hull, exactly what you need to run on "morning dew."

Now her draft is minimized by choosing the most suitable hull midsection and by employing the best construction method in terms of lower weight, strength, manhours, in-the-field reparability, and cost.

Our zero deadrise hull configuration is the only way to make light, wide, flat-bottomed hulls behave at lower planing speeds (as tested at up to 30 mph). Her forward box keel, in conjunction with the central shoe under her unmodified flat bottom, are attributes we've tested in various configurations on running hulls, ranging from a 7'6" planing dinghy to two 22+' planing cabin cruiser designs.

The box keel, extending aft into that shoe and complemented by the full depth chine runners, enhances directional stability and allows for predictable tracking through curves, in part dependent upon wave height, of course, while squeezing out most, if not all, air to prevent its ingestion into the jet pump under her minimal draft, and supporting her bow action through waves and into standing waves by extending effective planing surface well ahead of her chine upsweep, unlike the conventional "stylishly sharky" but unsupported bow overhang.

The Costs of Superior Shallow Water Performance

Since she is specifically designed to be a serious tool for the job of carrying a regular load at minimal draft and minimal take-off speed for maximum control through hazardous thin water river sections, this new hull shape requires rethinking of your boat-driving habits.

Consider her a S.T.O.L. craft (Short Take-Off and Landing) not designed for aerobatics

dive bombing stunts, or dog fighting (Dept. "boys will be boys" NOT!).

Consider her a sharp hunting blade, not for use to dig out rocks under your tent.

Consider her a precision laser range finder, not to club cutthroat trout to death with.

There is no question, that, while temporarily necessary for take-off power and for overcoming towering standing waves, continuous, wide open small block power may send her out of control, airborne with lethal risks to you, your crew, and innocent by-standers. Measure her performance by how far she went upstream before running out of water.

There is no question that at such higher speeds sudden (fun) course alterations can result in loss of control and even rollover.

There is no question, that you can provoke air ingestion by engaging in "fun" maneuvers such as power sliding, jumping wakes, etc., etc.

There is no question that as a result of her super shallow draft capability, she will ride hard (Jeep leaf springs versus Cadillac air suspension), in fact, probably harder than many other boats. Stand up and ride her and install a suspended driver's seat (spring and shock absorber adjustable to your weight and her action).

There is no question that you have to accept her limitation along with her capabilities

More Capabilities

As a dedicated tool for a rather specialized purpose, she cannot be seen as a your typical boat with familiar handling. She is not an overgrown jet ski to screw around in impressing each other! But she will impress by going further upstream with less risk of hull damage and crew injury:

- by running safely in less water in drier summers;
- by keeping her jet drive inside her overall length, accessible while afloat top down;
- by running long with her built-in 180 U.S. gallon fuel supply (plus optional cans);
- by being unsinkable;
- by safely carrying an overload of up to over 4000 lbs. of carcass down the river;
- by protecting you and your crew from sweepers by her stout windshield framing and two roll bars connected by soft top support tubing/handholds;
- by sleeping four under her canvas top, afloat, or on her trailer on the way to that distant river;
- with her purposeful but unprecedented appearance;
- with her enhanced reliability by not forcing abrasive silty mountain water through her cooling system in favor of using the redundancy and single loop, closed system reliability of oversized radiator cooling;
- with her added power output by not having to waste HP to turn a raw water pump squeezing lots of silty water through ump-teen turns of small diameter tubing and heat exchangers;
- with her quieter dry, stainless dual exhaust system, not announcing your presence miles away;
- with better engine performance by breathing cool outside combustion air through her intake snorkel facing aft;
- by readily generating serious DC or AC KW for whatever good purpose, be it in

the water, on the beach, or on the trailer, if equipped with F-N-R gearbox which, of course, also helps blow back and out intake blocking flotsam just by shifting into reverse; and,

- while she will ride hard, not hitting the bottom or rocks like the current boats on the river seem to, is still a softer ride.

All in all she will impress by going further, with more, and standing a much greater chance of making it back again.

Feedback?

"P.S. Will you be able to resist to load a shallower boat back up to the gills, boy, she looks like she could stand more yet, to then again draw as much as the boat you currently own? No insult intended here. Just early reminder."

After his feedback we wrote: "We're glad you like what we've done so far for you. Thanks for the kind words on her styling, we like her appearance a lot as well, very distinct and fitting the task."

Square Edge Principles Underlying Design of Hull and Appendages

The runners could indeed be meatier in cross-section and, if bolted on, be considered a wear item; i.e., of pressure-treated stock.

But NO GO on that beveling/rounding idea either on the runners or the central shoe. We show it dead square for serious reasons. There's little point in having either of them if their effectiveness is immediately halved by taking the edge off either side.

Square-edged runner absolutely necessary to have any bite in cornering, plus impact resistance from wider, blunter footprint hitting rocks.

Square-edged shoe absolutely necessary to bleed off and keep out as much air as possible from the intake path to the jet pump. Consider that she should be driven as level as possible to keep air out of the jet and the draft at a minimum.

Again, she is a different kind of beast to drive and some, if not many, of the currently typical habits at the wheel will have to go in favor of new skills to maximize her potential and your reach up the rivers.

The point about this hull is that she should offer more control earlier; i.e., none of that power sliding/minimally controlled careening currently necessary due to hull design/constant overload problems. Between the hull design problems of too much weight per given bottom area (routine overloading of boats as a matter of course) and the manic driving habits apparently necessary to keep those burdened hulls planing at all, particularly through inherently higher drag cornering, hitting things/getting into trouble seems predictable and avoidable at the drawing board.

If you purposefully take the edge off her controls, you are well on the way to having again what you, and your friends, have now. Ditto in respect to the other drastic changes proposed by you. Such as NO GO on double troughs, as they are impossible in ply and take away the edge and/or add draft, and NO GO on "vee" anywhere as you are, again, adding draft, building complexity, doing nothing for her ride in return and throwing away/bleeding off the lift you need to skim as lightly as possible over your shallows/obstacles.

Forget that business about some people running around with protractors and proclaim

ing to have found finding the Holy Grail of the Perfect Degree of whatever angle wherever on a boat. We've been on some remarkably hard-riding super deep-vees. It's like them talking about Delta-Pads, Quadraconic hulls, Airstot bottoms, and other fun and no doubt patented stuff, that has a real world intellectual half-life of Cadillac fins and Sudden Unintended Acceleration syndrome.

This design is offered under the assumption of trying to avoid tried-and-untrue fads of current rock garden boats with the most straightforward solution, squared-edged, light, fast-to-build, affordable, and field-repairable in plywood. If we ever want to add any draft, then it should be a "must do" situation such as when handling problems dictate more chine runner or more shoe deeper in the water to add tracking and cornering control.

Bow Extension

We agree with your concern about catching a wave sideways. We are planning on a wider shoe bottom coming up somewhat higher for more lift, but feel that this volume is your first line of defense against slamming into standing holes, inherent in conventional chine hull designs where nothing supports the bow until it hits with everything at once. We also assume that when she is planing, this bow is enough above the water to not bow steer.

Furthermore, running in a more level transverse attitude with limited, if any, sliding (from bite and slower speed capability/desirability) around turns, you should run less risk of seeing your tail coming past the bow. All, of course, depends on actual wave height, effectiveness of tilt nozzle for temporary nose up adjustments, load, and load trim, and your skill/willingness to run more controlled at slower speeds through these nasty comers of the river.

Gallows

It seems that we did not make clear enough the point about the anti-sag gallows and the longitudinal pipes, as we intended the contrary of your impression. Starting at the stout windshield, running over both transverse gallows, these are meant to avoid snagging from the front and, as they are coming down to deck level from behind as well. Furthermore, they make good handholds when riding nasty wave patterns standing up. And they are, as we pointed out, designed to support a complete canvas enclosure to sleep three fore-and-aft on the floor and one transversely on the forward bench. Properly designed and assembled they should work well.

Cuddy

So far you had not mentioned this idea! And it sounds like a problematic one in many ways. Between adding weight where you don't want to add any, the bow, probably serious issues of trim, poor access to the foredeck for beaching/boarding/ground tackle use, poorer visibility over the bow, serious reduction of useable square footage amidships to carry the loads you have in mind since the helm would have to move aft and, worst of all, as it adds draft, after all we've tried to reduce it, overall addition of weight while leaving the vital overhead snag protection off her, as a matter of course, we do not see any advantage to the introduction of a cuddy. Lockable bins are available with good volume aft.

Engine Cooling

Yes, sediment filters are in just about every single/twin circuit water-cooled engine on sail and powerboats. But they can fill up, add to the plumbing complexity, and require punching a hole in the boat. Indeed, use of river or seawater to cool the engine introduces all sorts of reliability issues with, for instance, up to half of pleasure boat diesel failures being due to cooling system blockage/auxiliary pump failure and with most, if not all, engines and associated plumbing always being subject to corrosion and electrolysis. This hardware adds to cost, reliability problems, and requires additional maintenance and costly annual rituals such as winterizing, etc.

Here in the Northeast, apart from putting on four snow tires, we don't winterize our cars, whether for 102" of snow such as during the winter of '96/'97 or -20 degree cold snaps. Nor do we, for that matter, winterize our 90hp Ford diesel aboard our 51" four-season liveaboard. A year round 50/50 mix of water and antifreeze in her 30"x30" twin fan radiator requires no attention, and the boat can run her engine whenever we need electricity off the grid, be it on land, on a tidal flat, or locked in a foot of saltwater ice. We would assume that being able to generate electricity while NOT lugging a generator up the mountain river, would be a plus in your territory in the mountains.

Yes, we know about the Kodiak jet pump housing's feed of water to the motor, but that requires immersion in water (no engine tuning on the trailer) and still requires heat exchanger plumbing with silt/sandtrap holes in the bottom, allows corrosion/electrolysis, etc., and does not allow a F-N-R gearbox otherwise so handy for no froth warm-up or instant back-flushing options.

We need two (3-4 row) radiators, as boat engines have to generate full power without ram air effect available under most driving conditions in land vehicles where full power is necessary or useable. One could eat up a lot of volume by dropping in a monster radiator, but we'd rather have two of the units typically found one of on small block trucks and cars, backed up by four identical E-fans for redundancy and worst case insurance.

Opinion

Quite frankly, between the problematic overloaded hull designs, subsequently necessary hard driving habits, and expensive but still crude mechanicals such as no gearbox jets or various designed-in reliability problems, out alone, in the woods, people who offer these boats as up to the task are more into doing things the hard way without much thinking involved, while they saddle you with the unfathomable logic of no gear drives, silt water cooling, requiring near suicidal maneuvering behavior, trying to dazzle you with trick chine deadrise talk, mumbo jumbo of lay-up schedule (to produce heavy boats to ride deep in the water to boot), and other rather lame PR stunts.

"Your descriptions of what you have to accept to get up the river, from first cost to last medical coverage, reflects very poorly upon these guys. No doubt some of them have more experience building bad boats than others, but it seems that, philosophically, they are still trying to use that laser range finder to whack in them pup tent pegs. "We've been doing this all our lives..." and even without much thinking things through, it seems.

You see, this really is annoying stuff to hear about as designers, because for your money you apparently don't get the tool you need. How many times do you reckon a properly specified, installed, monitored/gauged gearbox has ever failed, versus trying to dislodge jammed flotsam in the intake grate with curses and heroic acrobatics in cold mountain water.

Just two days ago, after some reconfiguring of the unit's cooling system, we were able to immediately notice that a light oil leak/sweat in the hydraulic gearbox hose hook-up had grown unacceptably to cause a pressure drop as indicated in a gauge at the helm. Ergo, after low rpm progress to a suitable tie-up, we were able to tighten things up and refill the system, all without incurring damage of the drive train, which otherwise never gives trouble. With clean oil, no leaks, and properly matched to the engine, they are pretty reliable.

So, is doing without a gearbox really enhancing reliability when a clogged pump above the rapids may spell doom without quick back flushing. Or how smart is building sinkable boats in an environment where holings are not at all improbable. And how much mountain silt can you really afford to collect in your filters?

Engine Heat

This is a serious issue. Bare manifolds can be lagged heavily to keep things under control, supported by the option of an undersized fan mounted in automotive typical fashion on the water pump circulating compartment air, assuming fresh air intake and, as shown on preliminary study, generous hot air exhaust openings.

But you already have those water-cooled manifolds, that Kodiak provided, which we would, of course, retain to make cooling the manifold and thus the compartment not much more dramatic than your current setup. On our Ford diesel the exhaust manifold is part of the engine's internal/closed cooling system and thus part of the antifreeze mix circuit and the block's built-in water pump keeps going. Ditto for your small-block Chevy conversion. In your case, the warmed up water that ran through the heat exchanger is dumped straight into the water-cooled combustion exhaust system, where it exits the water-cooled manifold, all to be dumped through the transom or underwater. Don't tell us that your Kodiak is raw-water cooled).

Ergo, no problem, particularly since plain gravity powered hot air extraction aft of the engine compartment will remove any heat added by the limited below deck section of the dry exhaust system.

Dual Exhaust Mufflers

These are a bit noisier than a single exhaust system. But since, unlike in a light duty truck or smooth/quiet Caddy, the Kodiak Chevy is averaging higher rpm as a matter of course, you want the least back pressure, that is no mouse pipe exhaust. You are looking at probably 2-1/4" pipes per side, with stock SS mufflers for a sedan, right out of the parts catalog, with nothing fancy, all stock. If you talk to your brighter local muffler shop, they'll take on the challenge of putting a couple of bends into the pipes to match your boat's engine compartment particulars.

Without a catalytic converter or sensors,

the stock muffler transom mounted and capped with a simple 90° there is no nuclear science. Mild steel would work for quite some time, but might eventually risk a noisy exhaust leak and toxic hazard from perforations rotting inside out in one of the bends. Again, the pipes' inside sections can be lagged well, while the outside muffler is blown by the radiator fans and can readily dump its heat into the atmosphere anywhere without heat shielding. Compared to the more or less uninterrupted short exhaust pipes out the transom, even a larger bore dual system can be very smooth and quiet.

Pulling a Plug

This is news to us. You never mentioned going into FRP production. Coming out of the blue, this is a different can of worms altogether legally. And as far as we are concerned, doing this shape unadulterated in any material other than a sheet material like plywood is not really in the cards with a straight face.

But going to fiberglass is moot anyway as shapes designed with plywood in mind make for frustrating exercises trying to duplicate plywood's virtues in glass. Even with very thin skins (less impact resistance under 5000+lbs. weight) to save on resin and glass/kevlar weight, lots of foam, and elaborate use of vacuum bagging, you'll have to make a good effort at trying to equal plywood's stiffness, relative impact resistance, insinkability, cost, and weight.

In all likelihood this would be an inherently uneconomic proposal compared to a well-organized plywood assembly of that shape. Many strong and lasting structures have been built in ply. Furthermore, as you already

indicated, it would limit severely any options of customizing/improvement that might be convenient or necessary.

There is much lore out there about how superior fiberglass construction is over vegetable matter/plywood, but much of it is hype if real world concerns such as one-off cost, field reparability, unsinkability, weight, etc. are realistically factored in. You can invest much money in a fiberglass production setup before the first useable/competitive hull leaves the shop, while several ply hulls would have been sold already. At any rate, doing this, with all the fiberglass necessary alterations compromising her shape and thus purpose for existence, will likely leave you with another ho hum performing hull of which you and your friends seem to already have had enough.

Thus, when you note at the end of your letter that "most of these ideas are of little importance in terms of original design criteria," you seem to underestimate both what is possible here and how easy it is to screw up this opportunity with a lot of changes deemed minor, but all impact on this specialized tool's capabilities.

Why introduce all the changes that don't improve her as far as our design experience goes? In your trade you must be aware of the notion of unintended consequences, and the need to exercise discipline not to have a project watered down and thus put into doubt as to its relevance. Build her fast, light, affordable, and strong in plywood and give her a chance to shine! Again, we're glad you like the proposal and hope to move the design along. Feedback?

You may not be surprised to find that there was actually no further communication

with Citizen Q. He either got tired of our attitude, although he essentially set the robust tone in early missives, with us just eager to best him on it, or dismissed us as not understanding West Coast Mountain Water as yet another variety of occasionally expressed exceptionalism of local water characteristics. Or, he just walked away to build the fiberglass Wolfpac after all. Or Wolfpack did not look like a (proper) boat as he knew them in his rivers, at which point the circle would have closed.

The last possible reaction is not unusual among some of those who initially want something different, more capable, better, until the conceptual discussion causes cold feet to set in upon realization what we think might be called for to indeed do better. This separates the wheat from the chaff, as vigorous discussion between client and designers will eventually maximize the likelihood for better thinking on all sides.

Then the likelihood of getting the project into the water is dramatically enhanced, as the belief in the cause will fuel much necessary strength to actually dare to invest in novel approaches, build, and work out snags in the project. There are enough such clients to keep us busy. "Q" presumably is happier with what he's got. And he may be right.

But we still think our response to his requirements was serious and worthy of realization to do an actual comparison with the current fare on that river. Wolfpack 24 may yet scare the mountain goats serving a distant camp. No completed plans yet, ergo nothing to sell.





FEATURES

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The sketches in the last section illustrated the difference in stability between a ballasted monohull of traditional shape and a catamaran where the angle of heel is the same. The catamaran is an extreme example of a shallow, beamy hull. Notice the relationship between the hull beam and the metacentric height, M ; in fact stability is proportional to the distance between the centre of gravity, G , and the metacentre, or metacentric height. To increase stability either lower G (weight stability) or raise M ; i.e., increase beam (form stability). Stability is improved if G is situated below the centre of buoyancy B ; this will normally necessitate a ballasted keel.

Problems arise when it comes to determining the positions of G and B , the vertical centre of buoyancy. One method of obtaining the centre of gravity is by taking moments for the hull and equipment above and below the lwl. Total moments divided by total weight will give the vertical c of g . However, an easier method is available. Draw out the body sections on thin card, cut them out, and glue together in the same positions as in the body plan. Balance this wodge of card on a knife edge and mark each side at the point of balance. Repeat this at a different angle, and where the two lines cross gives the position of G . This method does only take into account the hull and keel, but since the whole exercise is an approximation, it will probably be sufficiently accurate to get at least some idea of the theoretical stability.

To find the vertical centre of buoyancy

Back to the Drawing Board

(formerly Design Rules – OK!)

Part 9

By Dennis Davis

Reprinted from *Afloat!*

repeat this process with the card using only the sections below the lwl. Both G and B should, of course, be on the vertical centre line of the body sections. Playing around with the body sections of my 19'0" design it appeared that much the same result was obtained if only the mid-section was used, but this would certainly not be the case where the hull is an extreme shape. What is now required is the length of $G-Z$, which comes into being when the hull is heeled. It is here the next problem arises, for if we want to construct a stability curve, several different angles of heel must be considered and each will produce a new lwl. Theoretically it will be necessary to find the lwl at each angle of heel which gives the same volume displacement as the original. In fact, the good old cardboard method can be utilized, which is tedious but less mathematically demanding than working out a number of volume displacements on a trial and error basis.

Let's recap on what we have so far. The vertical position of both B and G have been

found, and if we trace around the mid-section with it heeled, say 5%, we can find the position of M by extending a vertical line through an estimated B_1 to cross the hull centre line at M . What is of interest to the designer and owner is the curve achieved by plotting $G-Z$ against various angles of heel, for this gives not only the angle at which maximum self-righting is possible, but also the angle at which inversion becomes inevitable. Inverted stability will depend not only upon the position of G and B , but the actual shape of the deck, coach roof, rigging, etc. It is assumed for the purposes of this exercise that the hull is watertight; i.e. no open hatches.

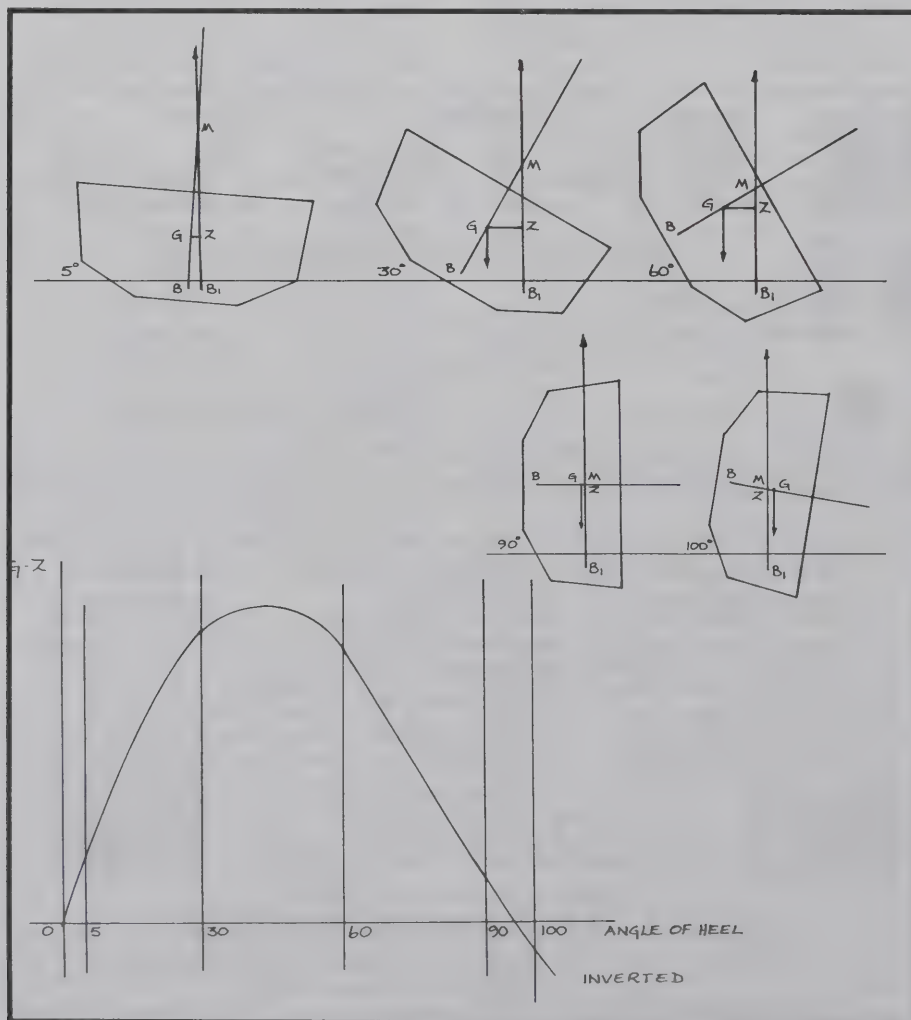
The sketches show a "canoe" hull; i.e., with no external ballast keel and with internal ballast only, at different angles of heel plus the curve for positive stability. It will be seen that this particular hull will be self-righting only to about 95%; at greater angles $G-Z$ becomes negative and the hull will remain inverted until wind, waves, or crew take steps to right it. Maximum self-righting is achieved between 35 and 40 degrees. Note that from about 60 degrees of heel the type of deck/coach roof will begin to influence self-righting. For example, if a raised deck configuration is chosen then stability can be increased. Similarly high freeboard can improve stability although it could be argued that it will also increase windage and thus the likelihood of being heeled excessively. These figures are low and could be expected to increase 10 to 20 degrees if a ballasted fin keel was taken into account. This illustrates to some extent the difficulties involved in designing a self-righting yacht without some form of external ballast.

In the example given, the ballast is taken into account by its effect upon the lwl. It has been assumed that the yacht will retain the same trim when heeled as normal; it almost certainly will not be the same so another "error" creeps in for consideration or to be ignored!

In the last section it was mentioned that G will remain in the same position unless there is a major weight shift. This is a factor which is acted upon these days where some yachts, notably big ocean racers, have water ballast which is pumped from side to side to provide maximum righting effect. This is in addition to the usual ballasted keel and must have a considerable effect upon their ability to carry enormous sail areas in very strong winds. The strain on gear is equally enormous, of course. It will be seen that although of interest, devising stability curves is unlikely to be very helpful unless many of the possible errors can be reduced.

As with much other art, boat design tends to be derivative and evolutionary, with designers taking ideas from the past and developing them in their own particular style. There are few, if any, of the "exciting new" design features of recent years which cannot be found already described in an old book if the researcher delves sufficiently far. Quite often it will be found that they have now been made possible with the use of modern materials or methods. As a consequence, it is likely that a sailing boat which is similar to another will behave in much the same way. That the art is not yet also a science may be deduced from the number of yachts which have their keels, rudders etc rehased after being launched and tried.

(To Be Continued)



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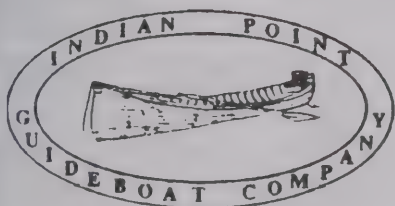
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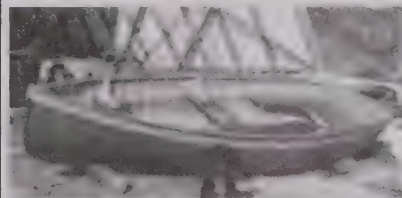
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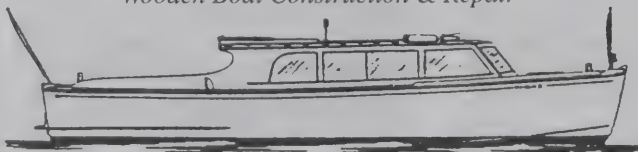
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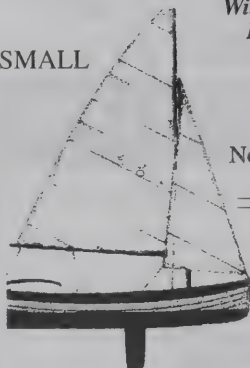


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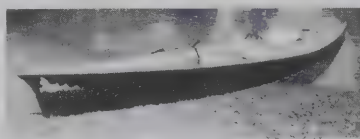
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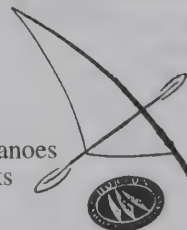
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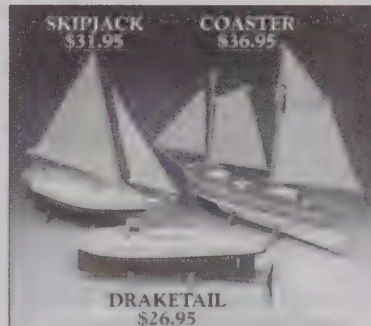
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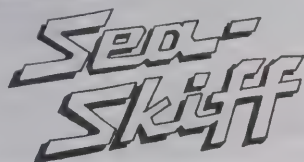
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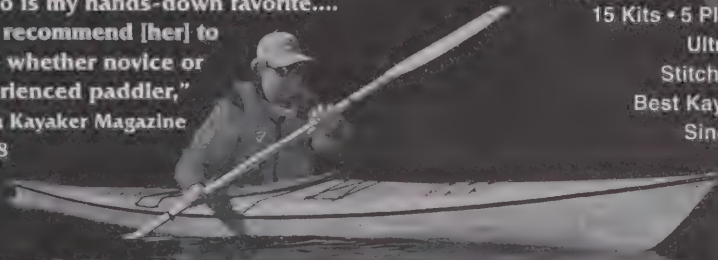
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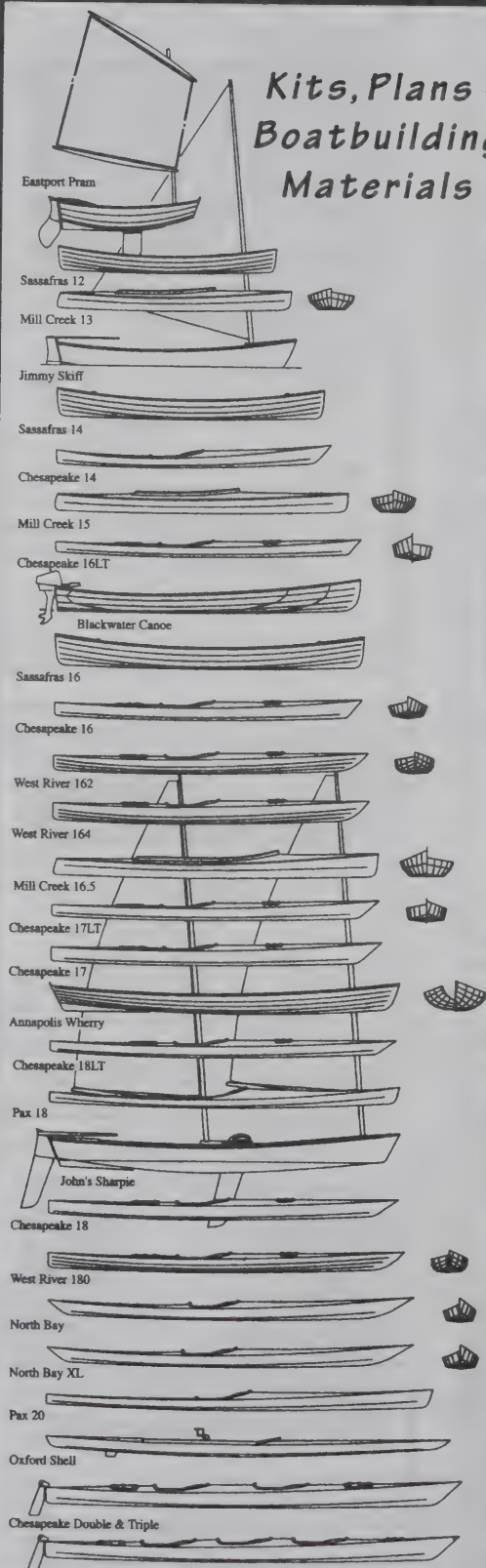
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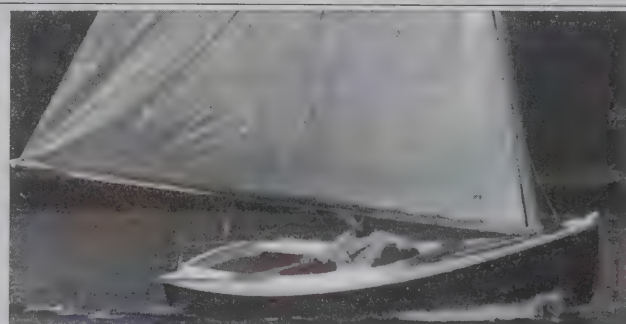
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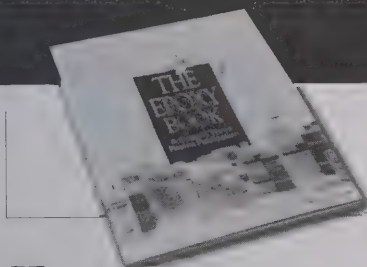
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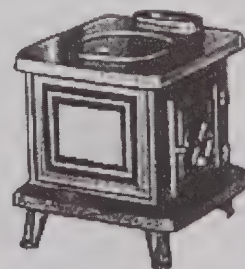
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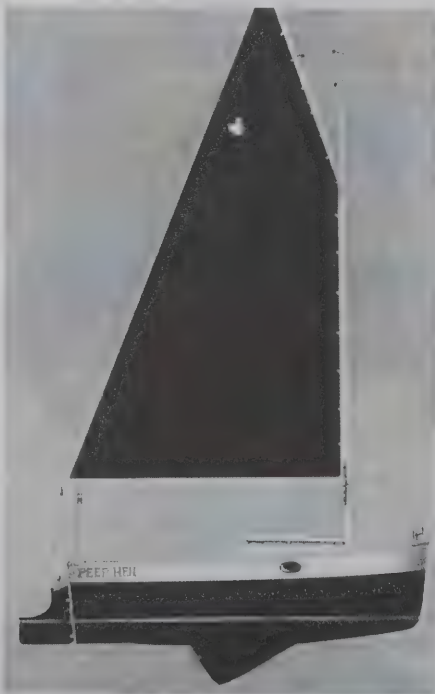
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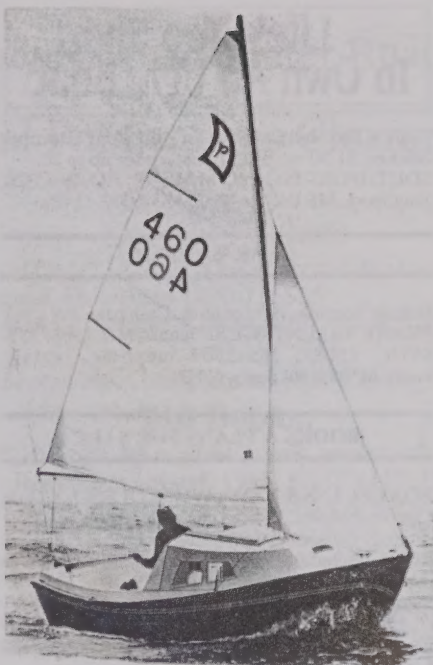
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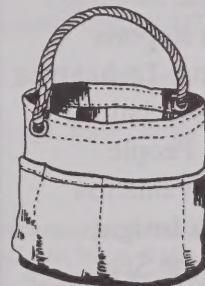
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Complete Boating Guide to the Connecticut River, CT River Watershed Council, 1986, 5-1/2"x8-1/2", 246 pgs, b&w photos & maps, paperback.

Complete Boating Guide to Rhode Island & Massachusetts, Embassy Marine Publishing, 1989, 8-1/2"x11", 414 pgs, color & b&w photos & charts, spiral bound paperback.

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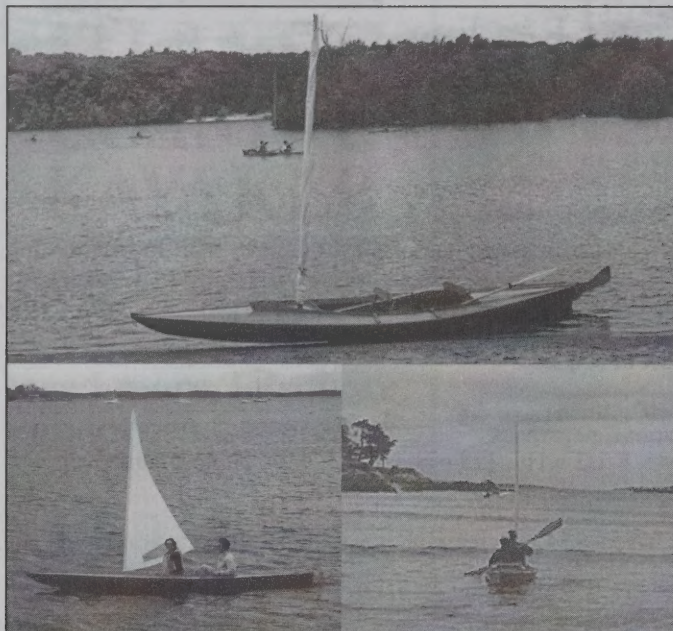
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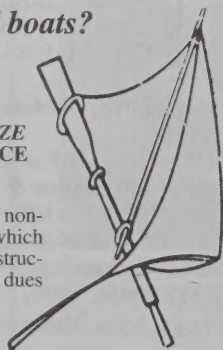
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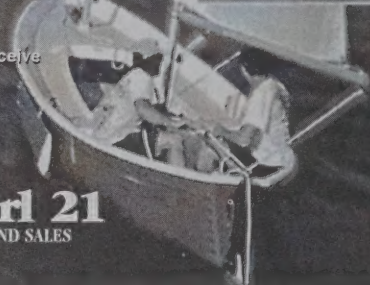
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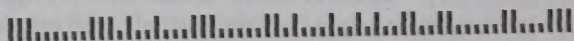
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